

*The Greatest Name in Comics*

# DAREDEVIL

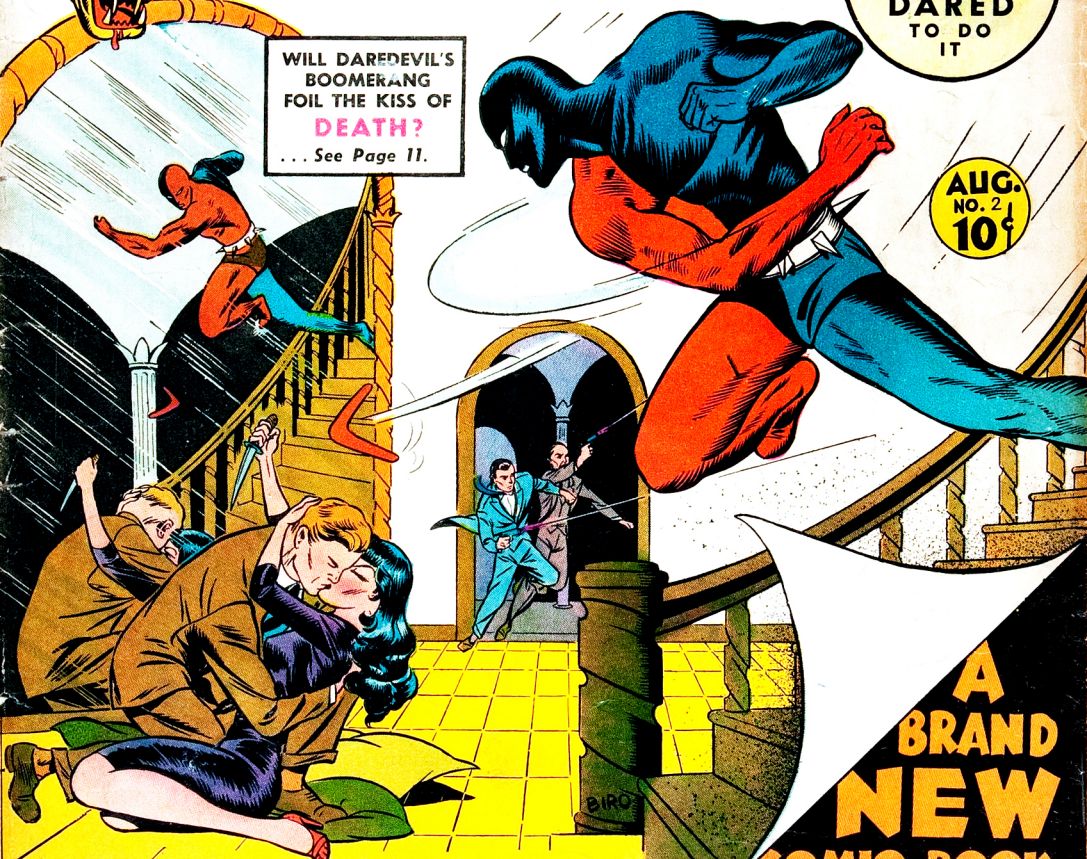
## COMICS



AT  
LAST  
THE COMIC  
MAGAZINE  
THAT  
**DARED**  
TO DO  
IT

WILL DAREDEVIL'S  
BOOMERANG  
FOIL THE KISS OF  
**DEATH?**  
... See Page 11.

AUG.  
NO. 2  
**10¢**



**12 SMASH FEATURES**

INCLUDING: LONDON ... THE WHIRLWIND  
NITRO ... PAT PATRIOT ... AND OTHERS

**A  
BRAND  
NEW  
COMIC BOOK**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM







# DAREDEVIL

*"The Greatest Name in Comics"*

BY —  
BIRO



PRESENTING

DAREDEVIL...WORLD'S MOST DARING MAN OF ACTION IN THE MOST ASTOUNDING STORY EVER RECORDED IN A COMIC BOOK...DAREDEVIL HATES CRIME AND EVIL AS PASSIONATELY AS THE UNDERWORLD LOVES IT...EVERY PAGE A POWDER-KEG OF FURIOUS EXCITEMENT...SO HOLD TIGHT AS THIS **BOMB-SHELL BLASTS INTO ACTION!!**



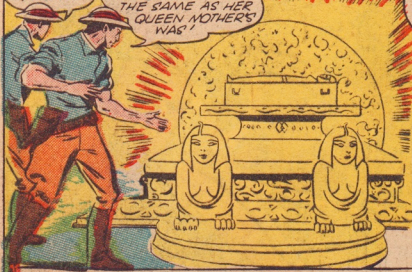


IT HAPPENED IN ARABIA AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. APRIL 10<sup>TH</sup> 1900 TO BE EXACT IT WAS THEN, WHEN A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS FROM THE AMERICAN RESEARCH SOCIETY FOUND DEFINITE PROOF OF THE EXISTENCE OF PRINCESS SHEBA'S BURIAL TOMB. DEAD 3000 YEARS. OUR STORY BEGINS WHEN PROFESSOR PIERCE, WORLD FAMOUS ARCHEOLOGIST SPEAKS -



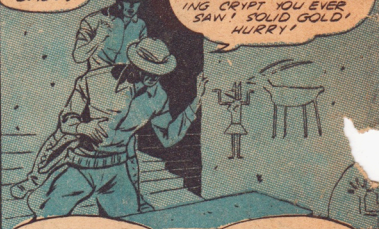
CAN THIS REALLY BE IT, PIERCE?

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! ITS DESIGN IS THE SAME AS HER QUEEN MOTHER'S WAS!



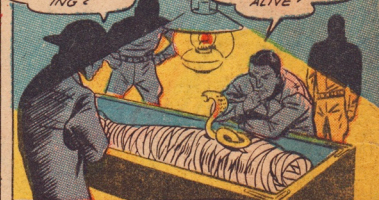
HERE IT IS, BOYS - AT LAST!

PIERCE PRACTICALLY STUMBLED OVER IT! IT'S HERE! THE MOST AMAZING CRYPT YOU EVER SAW! SOLID GOLD! HURRY!



WHAT DOES THAT GOLD COBRA MEAN? AND THOSE WORDS ON ITS BACK! CAN YOU FIND THEIR MEANING?

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND THESE WORDS AT ALL, BUT THE COBRA SHOWS THAT SHE WAS BURIED ALIVE!

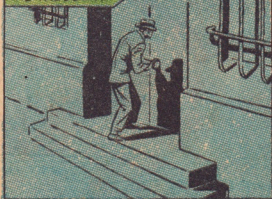


TIRELESSLY, THE MEN PONDER OVER THE CRYPT'S MESSAGES - DAY AFTER DAY, MONTH AFTER MONTH -

1940  
FORT YEARS PASS AND THE CRYPTIC WORDS ARE STILL A MYSTERY UNTIL ONE NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY -



IT IS MIDNIGHT WHEN PROFESSOR PIERCE, NOW AN OLD MAN, ENTERS THE MUSEUM -



THIS TIME I KNOW I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK! PERHAPS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I'M GOING TO KNOW WHY SHE WAS BURIED ALIVE - LET ME SEE - THIS MEANS KISS - THIS MEANS -

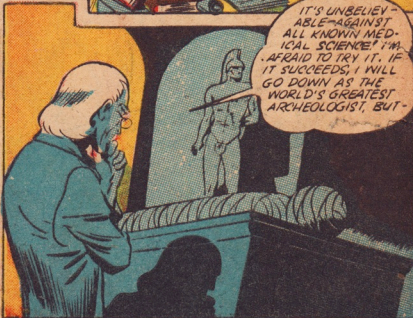
WHY IT SAYS THAT SHE CAN BE BROUGHT TO LIFE IF -



IF I PARTLY UNWRAP THE MUMMY, THEN IT SAYS, THE INSIDE OF THE COBRA CONTAINS THE LIFE RESTORING SERUM - CAN THIS BE TRUE?



IT'S UNBELIEVABLE - AGAINST ALL KNOWN MEDICAL SCIENCE! I'M AFRAID TO TRY IT. IF IT SUCCEEDS, I WILL GO DOWN AS THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARCHEOLOGIST, BUT -





I WILL DO IT. IF I FAIL, I'LL BE DISGRACED. PROBABLY BECOME THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE SOCIETY, TO BELIEVE SUCH ROT!

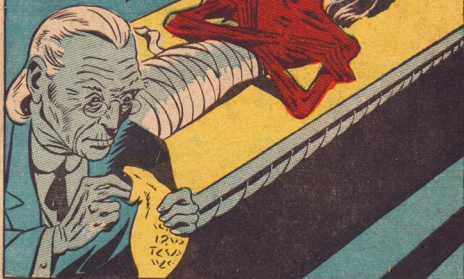


TEN DROPS - ONE DROP TO THE COUNT, THAT MEANS SECOND!



SEVEN  
EIGHT  
NINE  
TEN!

THE BODY IS IN AN EXCELLENT STATE OF PRESERVATION. IT SAID NOT TO EXPOSE IT TOO LONG BEFORE GIVING THE SERUM. MUST HURRY!



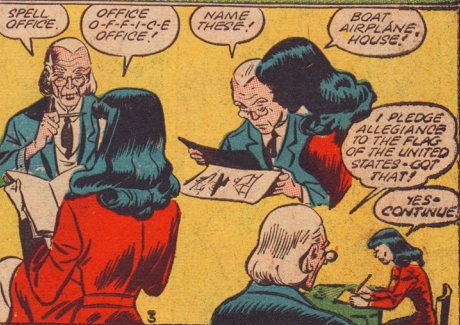
SAINTS OF HEAVEN!  
ITS SKIN TIGHTENS -  
THE EYELIDS FLICK -  
IT MOVES! SHE'S  
ALIVE!



I'VE PINCHED MYSELF AND STILL I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I'VE EVER SEEN!



THE PRINCESS SHEBA IS SECRETLY BROUGHT TO PIERCE'S HOME. DURING THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, PROFESSOR PIERCE TAKES THE ROLE OF FATHER, MOTHER, AND TEACHER - THE GIRL IS UNCANNY. HER ABILITY TO LEARN AND ABSORB IS ASTOUNDING.



SPELL OFFICE.

OFFICE  
O-F-F-I-C-E  
OFFICE!

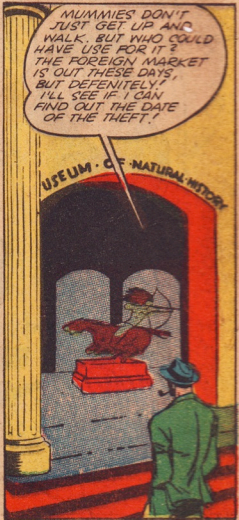
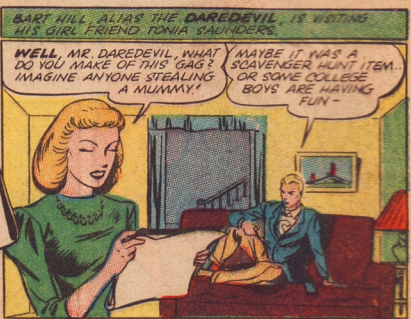
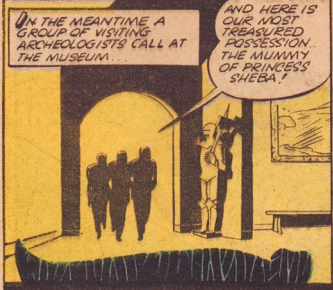
NAME  
THESE!

BOAT  
AIRPLANE  
HOUSE!

I PLEDGE  
ALLEGIANCE  
TO THE FLAG  
OF THE UNITED  
STATES - GOT  
THAT?

YES -  
CONTINUE.

















HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? DOCTOR PIERCE'S FINGER-PRINTS - MATCH THE ONE'S ON THE CASSET!

BART HILL DISCOVERS AN AMAZING FACT!

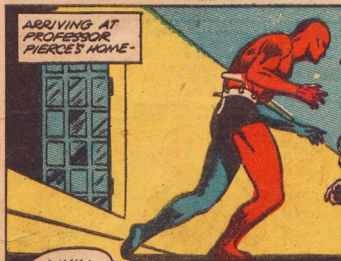
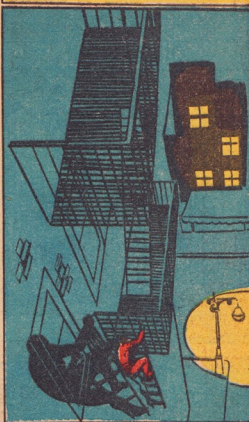
THE DOG IS GOING TO HAVE A CALLER TONIGHT!

A SLEEK PANTHER - LIKE FIGURE STEPS INTO THE DARKNESS!



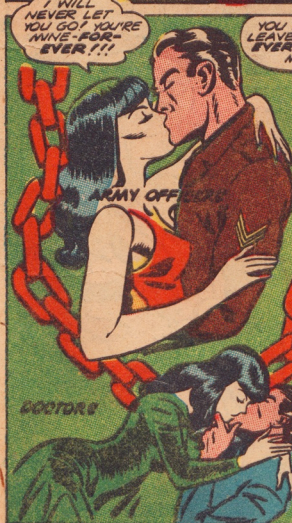
DAREDEVIL

LIKE A ZEPHYR, THE SWEEN OF HIS PERFECT BODY STEALS THROUGH THE NIGHT.



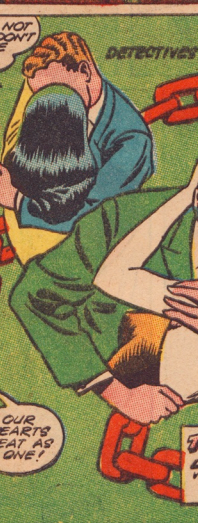
ARRIVING AT PROFESSOR PIERCE'S HOME-

DOCTOR PIERCE DID HAVE A CALLER - HIS NAME WAS DEATH!



I WILL NEVER LET YOU GO! YOU'RE MINE-FOR-EVER!!!

YOU MUST NOT LEAVE ME! DON'T EVER LEAVE ME!



WE WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER! WE WILL NEVER PART!

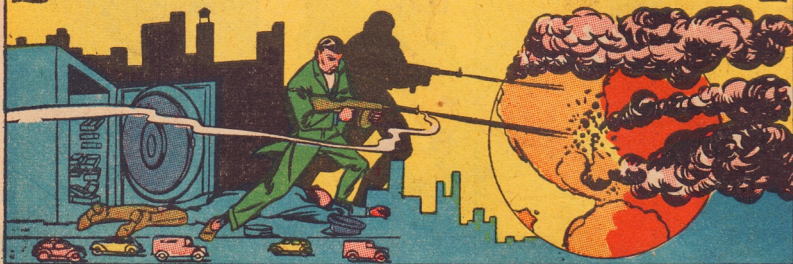


OUR HEARTS BEAT AS ONE!

THESE MEN ARE DOOMED TO A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH - ETERNAL SLAVERY! WHAT A HIGH PRICE TO PAY FOR A KISS -



**THEN-LIKE A CLOUD OF DOOM IT DESCENDS UPON THE RICHEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD! A BRAZEN, IRRISISTABLE SERIES OF THEFTS, ROBBERIES, KIDNAPPINGS, MURDERS AND ARSON! GROWING IN INTENSITY AND MORE CUNNING WITH EACH! - THE POLICE ARRIVE EITHER TOO LATE OR ARE COMPLETELY OUTWITTED..... UNTIL ...!**

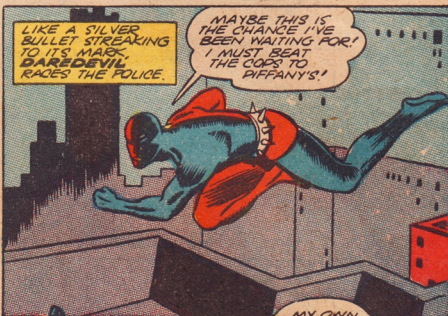


ONE MORNING AT TWO, THE PIFFANY COMPANY, IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS AND RARE GEMS, SOUND THEIR BURGULAR ALARM THAT IS DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH POLICE HEADQUARTERS



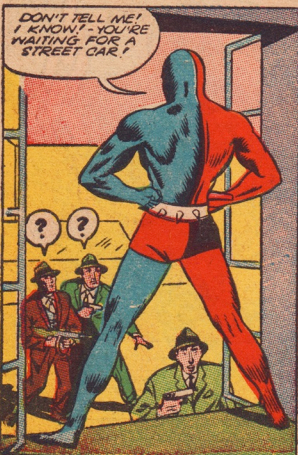
IT'S PIFFANY! THIS TIME, BOYS! STEP ON IT!

LIKE A SILVER BULLET STREAKING TO ITS MARK, DAREDEVIL RACES THE POLICE.



MAYBE THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! I MUST BEAT THE COPS TO PIFFANY'S!

DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW! - YOU'RE WAITING FOR A STREET CAR!



DROP THAT WATER PISTOL SONNY! YOU'RE ALL WET!

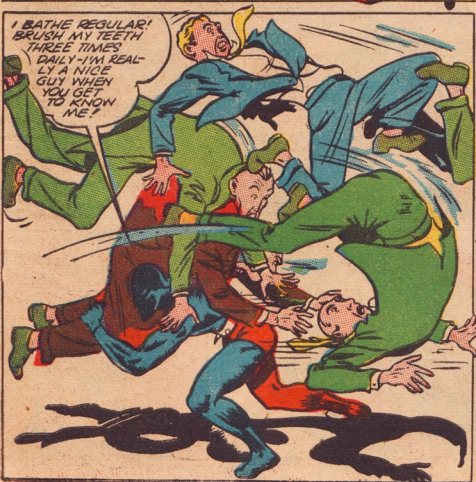
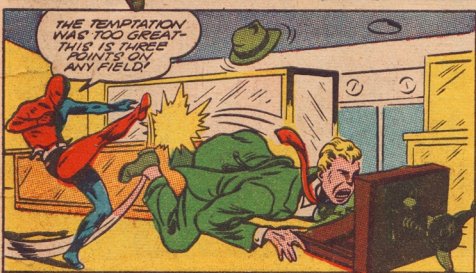
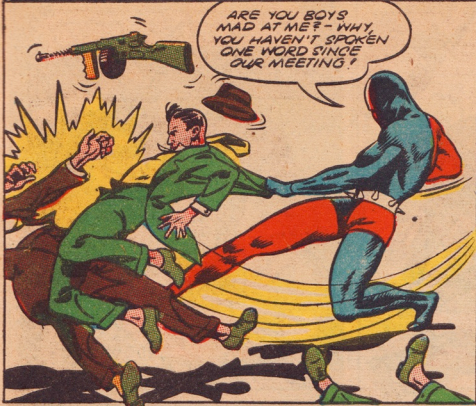


MY OWN INVENTION! - PAINLESS DENTISTRY! LIKE IT?

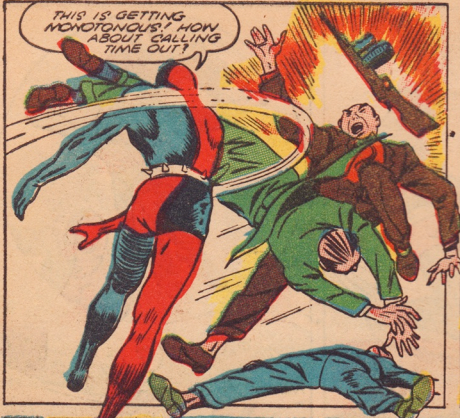


COME BACK! DON'T BE FRIGHTENED - IT WILL BE OVER IN A SECOND!





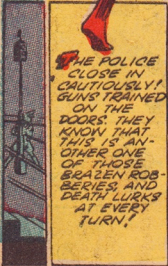




THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS! HOW ABOUT CALLING TIME OUT?



THREE FLICKS OF A SEARCH-LIGHT, SIGNALS THE ARRIVAL OF THE COPS!



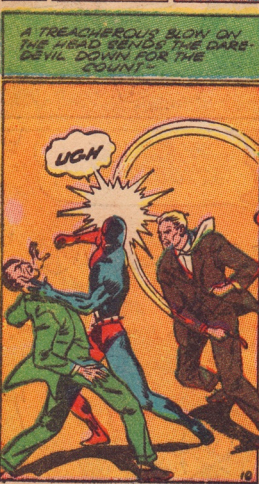
THE POLICE CLOSE IN CAUTIOUSLY! GUNS TRAINED ON THE DOORS. THEY KNOW THAT THIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE BRAZEN ROBBERIES, AND DEATH LURKS AT EVERY TURN!



GO ON UP JOE WE'LL COVER YOU! KICK THE DOOR, THEN JUMP ASIDE!

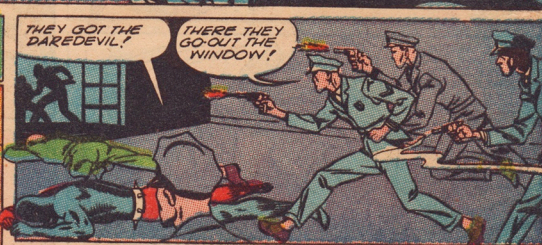


THIS TIME WE'LL NAB 'EM, SURE!



A TREACHEROUS BLOW ON THE HEAD SENDS THE DAREDEVIL DOWN FOR THE COUNT!

UGH



THEY GOT THE DAREDEVIL!

THERE THEY GO-OUT THE WINDOW!



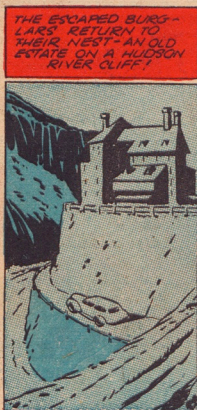
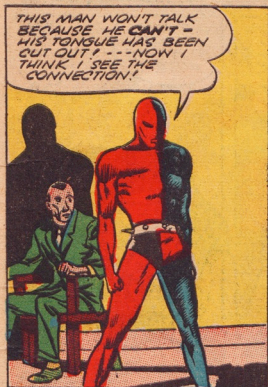
GOSH! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

I DON'T EXACTLY FEEL LIKE A LIVE WIRE!

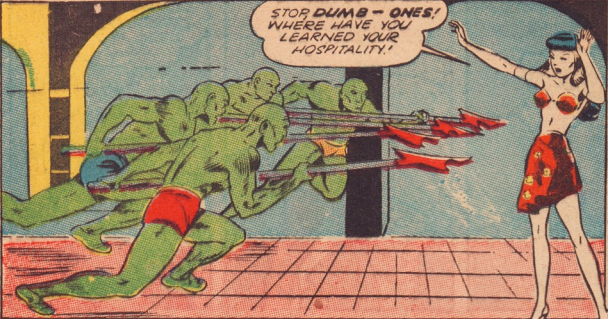


HEY! WE'VE GOT ONE OF 'EM - BUT HE WON'T OPEN UP! YOU TRY HIM, CAP!









STOP DUMB - ONES!  
WHERE HAVE YOU  
LEARNED YOUR  
HOSPITALITY!



LET 'EM COME!  
THOSE BALD HEAD-  
ED LANCERS COULD-  
N'T STICK A PIG!

FOOLS!



BRING SOME  
WINE-WE'LL SHOW  
THE HANDSOME  
**DAREDEVIL** HOW  
THE QUEEN OF  
AMERICA  
ENTERTAINS!

I CAN EASILY  
SEE HOW THESE  
GUYS' FELL FOR  
THIS SIREN!



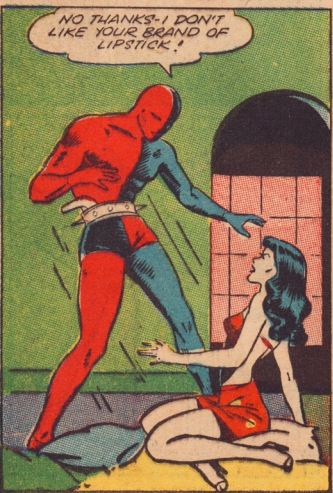
WONDER IF  
I SHOULD PLAY  
BALL FOR A BIT?  
HMM! THIS WINE  
MIGHT BE  
POISONED!

YOU ARE THINKING  
IT IS POISONED  
NO? -I'LL CHANGE  
GLASSES-THERE,  
NOW-A TOAST  
TO THE MOST  
PERFECT MAN  
I'VE EVER  
MET!



BET YOU  
SAY THAT  
TO ALL THE  
BOYS?

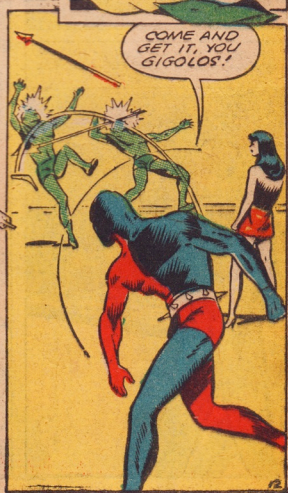
I'LL PROVE  
THAT  
I MEAN IT-  
WITH A  
KISS!



NO THANKS-I DON'T  
LIKE YOUR BRAND OF  
LIPSTICK!

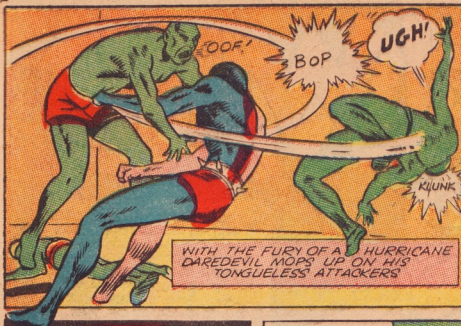


MISTER **DAREDEVIL**  
...I SHALL CUT YOUR  
WITTY TONGUE OUT  
FIRST, THEN EN-  
SLAVE YOU LATER!  
**SIEZE HIM,  
SLAVES - !!**

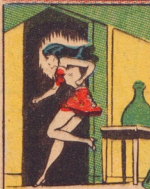


COME AND  
GET IT, YOU  
GIGOLOS!





THE KISS GIRL IN PANIC, FLEES THRU A SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL - BEFORE DAREDEVIL CAN FOLLOW, THE PANEL BANGS SHUT!

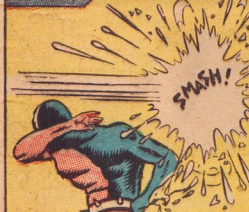


WAIT UP BABE, BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

YOU'RE THE LAST ONE AND JUST WHAT I NEED!



UNTHINKING, THE LIVING MUM - MY REDEEMING MURDER - THE GOLD COBRA AT DAREDEVIL - HE DUCKS AS IT SMASHES AGAINST THE WALL, SPILLING HER PRECIOUS LIFE-GIVING SERUM!



IT IS TIME - I MUST TAKE MY DROP OF SERUM! THEN - MR. DAREDEVIL...

THEN WHAT? KISSING BIG! DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK YOU'RE BEING FOLLOWED!



WHAT HAVE I DONE! MY SERUM - I'VE SPILLED MY SERUM - Y' SEE! YOU MADE ME DO IT!

WAIT A MINUTE, QUEENIE - YOU'RE NOT TAKING IT OUT ON ME!

ARRRRHH! I'M ...GET ARRCH! MY EEESEARCH!

HER FACE! IT'S HORRIBLE! IT'S AGEING! SHE'S TURNING INTO A MUMMY!



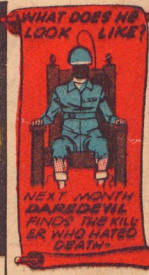
SHE'S PAID THE RIVER - ALIVE IN BODY - DEAD IN SOUL! HERE LIES THE CORPSE OF THE KISSING DAME - A FACE OF BEAUTY ON A MUM - MY'S FRAME! - I HAVE ONLY PITY FOR HER!

SOMETIME LATER, TONIA AND BART, ALIAS DAREDEVIL, VISIT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BART - HAD I KNOWN WHAT A BEAUTY SHE WAS - I WOULD HAVE BEEN JEALOUS!

- AND THEN SHE TURNS BACK TO A MUMMY AGAIN! YES, SUE! IT WAS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

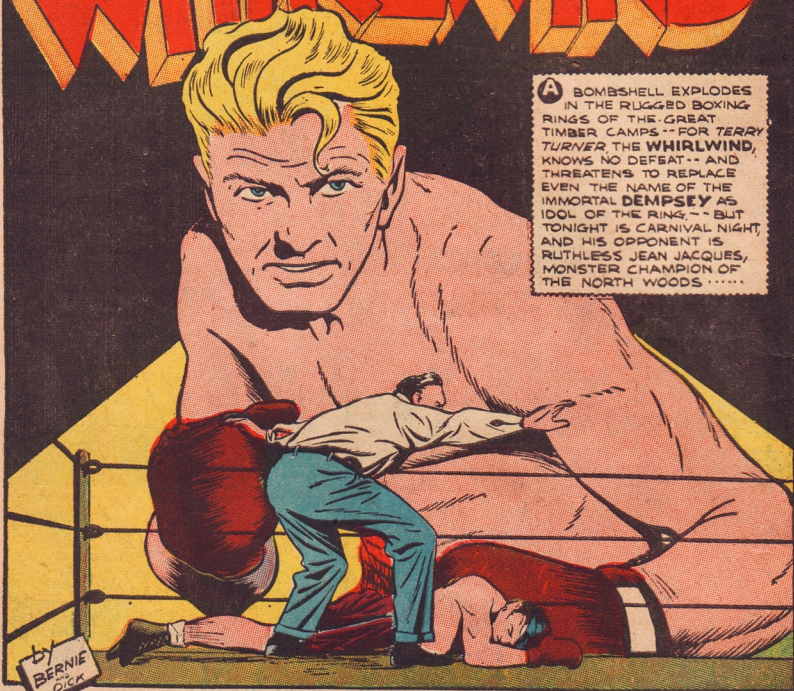
BUT IF YOU WANT MY HONEST OPINION - IT WAS JUST A GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT! IT NEVER COULDA HAPPENED!



THE END



# THE WHIRLWIND



**A** BOMBSHELL EXPLODES IN THE RUGGED BOXING RINGS OF THE GREAT TIMBER CAMPS--FOR TERRY TURNER THE WHIRLWIND KNOWS NO DEFEAT-- AND THREATENS TO REPLACE EVEN THE NAME OF THE IMMORTAL DEMPSEY AS IDOL OF THE RING-- BUT TONIGHT IS CARNIVAL NIGHT, AND HIS OPPONENT IS RUTHLESS JEAN JACQUES, MONSTER CHAMPION OF THE NORTH WOODS .....

by  
BERNIE  
DICK



THEES WILL SHOW YOU HOW JACQUES HIT!

IN THE CAMP OF JEAN JACQUES, A LUMBERMAN SPEAKS OUT OF TURN.



THEES FOOLISH PEOPLE THINK WHIRLWIND HAVE CHANCE TO LICK ME! HAR! I FEEB THEES TERRY TURNER FOR GOOD!



WELL, SWEET-- THIS IS OUR BIG NIGHT...

BUT TERRY-- THIS JEAN JACQUES IS AN INHUMAN BRUTE! WHY HE'S... HE'S LIABLE TO KILL YOU!!

MEANWHILE, THE CHALLENGER, TERRY TURNER, DISCUSSES THE FIGHT WITH HIS GIRL FRIEND, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...



BONNIE, WE HAVE OUR LAST CENT BET ON THIS FIGHT — WHEN I WIN WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GET MARRIED, NO BULL HEADED LUMBERJACK IS GOING TO DEFEAT ME WHEN I'M FIGHTING FOR YOUR HAPPINESS —



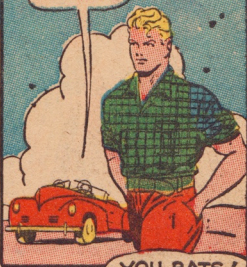
ALL RIGHT DARLING — YOU'RE THE BOSS — BUT RUN ALONG HOME NOW AND GET SOME REST BEFORE THE FIGHT

OKAY BONNIE — DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD ABOUT THINGS —



SUBTITLES: BUT AT THIS MOMENT — TWO FIGURES FROM TERRY'S PAST — APPROACH IN A NEW YORK CAR

UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS — THAT'S THE BIG TIMBERMAN NOW! IS HE IN FOR A SURPRISE!



YOU RATS! I CAN'T PUNCH HER BUT YOU MONTE —

YOU TWO UP HERE!

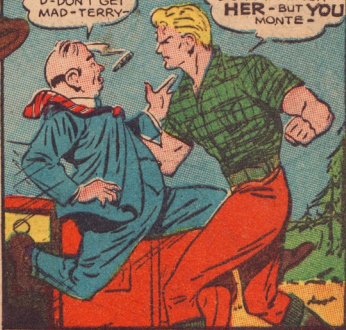
DON'T GET EXCITED, CHUM — WE JUST DROPPED UP TO HELP YOU PICK UP SOME READY DOUGH ON THIS FIGHT —



THAT'S RIGHT TERRY — CANADA'S GOING WILD BETTING ON THIS FIGHT — YOU'RE GOING TO FIX IT SO WE MAKE SOME REAL DOUGH UNDERSTAND?



D-DON'T GET MAD-TERRY-



PUT HIM DOWN, YOU BIG APE — THAT WON'T HELP YOU —

OKAY, DOLORES — ANYTHING TO PLEASE YOU!



LISTEN TERRY — DON'T FORGET — YOUR FATHER SIGNED A NOTE FOR 30 GRAND — PLAY BALL OR HE GOES UP THE RIVER!

YEAH! BE SMART-KID!



YOU DIRTY SWINDLERS — DAD HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT CROOKED STOCK DEAL — YOU TWO TRICKED HIM INTO SIGNING THOSE PAPERS — B-BUT I GUESS THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I CAN DO — DAD HAD TO GOT THE MONEY TO PAY —

NOW YOU'RE USING TWO OLD BONES





AFTER PLACING HIS LARGE BETS IN THE CITY - MONTE PLAYS THE LOCAL LUMBER JACKS FOR SMALLER WAGERS...

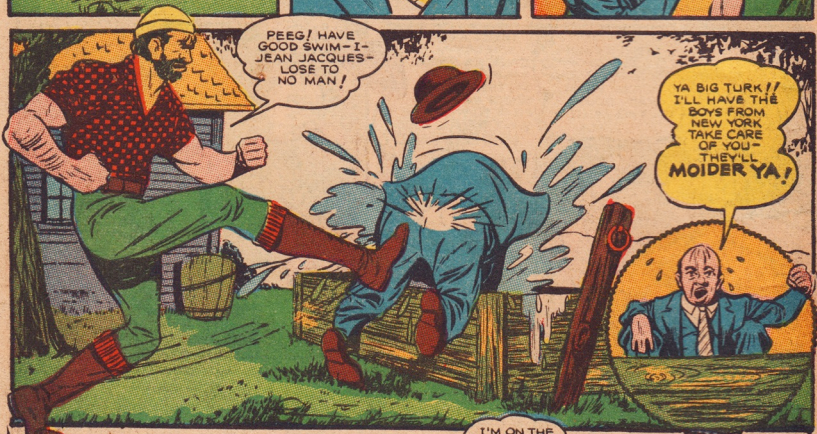
SURE-I'LL BET ON JACQUES- AND GIVE YOU 10-1 ODDS

OKAY-I'LL TAKE IT!

THAT BIG GUY LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SUCKER-

YOU CAN PICK UP A BARREL OF DOUGH BY BETTING ON WHIRLWIND-I'M JUST HANDLING SOME DOUGH FOR A FRIEND WHO IS SUCKER ENOUGH TO BET ON JACQUES-

HA / LEETLE FELLOW MAKE BEEG JOKE!



PEEG! HAVE GOOD SWIM-I-JEAN JACQUES- LOSE TO NO MAN!

YA BIG TURK!! I'LL HAVE THE BOYS FROM NEW YORK TAKE CARE OF YOU- THEY'LL MOIDER YA!

W-WHY THAT'S TERRY-WITH ANOTHER GIRL?

NO TRICKS-TERRY-I HAVE THE PAPERS YOUR FATHER SIGNED- SAFELY TUCKED AWAY- ANY FUNNY STUFF AND WE'LL BUNG HIM IN THE BASTILE- SO FARE THAT FIGHT GOOD!!

I'M ON THE SPOT NOW- DOLORES- BUT SOME DAY YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS-

SO THAT'S WHAT TERRY WORRIES SO MUCH ABOUT- AND THEY'RE MAKING HIM LOSE THE FIGHT- I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

IN ANOTHER PART OF CAMP BONNIE ACCIDENTLY OVERHEARS



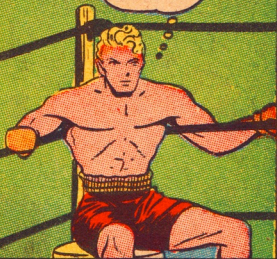
# THE FIGHT BEGINS!



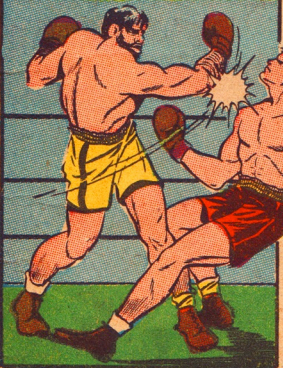
-JACQUES AT 268 POUNDS  
AND IN THIS CORNER -  
WHIRLWIND --  
AT 197 POUNDS!

AS THE FRAMED FIGHT IS ABOUT TO  
START, TERRY SITS IN HIS CORNER DE-  
JECTEDLY, WHILE BONNIE RUSHES TO  
CANCELL THE BETS WHICH WOULD  
HAVE ASSURED THEM OF A HAPPY  
MARRIAGE SHOULD HE HAVE WON.

WONDER WHERE  
BONNIE IS -  
HOPE SHE GOT OUR  
BETS CANCELED  
ALL RIGHT!

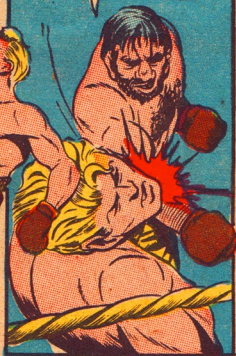


AT THE BELL JACQUES LUNGES  
LIKE A WILD BULL AND SMASHES  
THE BEFUDDLED TERRY WITH A  
HARD RIGHT...

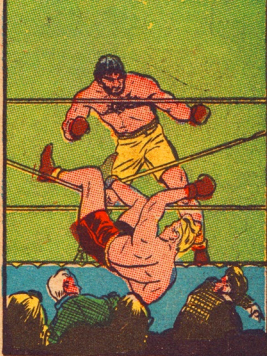


.... AND AGAIN !!

HOW YOU LIKE  
ZAT-LITTLE MAN!



LIKE A MAD ANIMAL, JACQUES -  
IRKED AT TERRY'S ABILITY TO  
TAKE IT - FINALLY LOWERS HIS  
HEAD AND BUTTS HIM VICIOUSLY  
OUT OF THE RING...



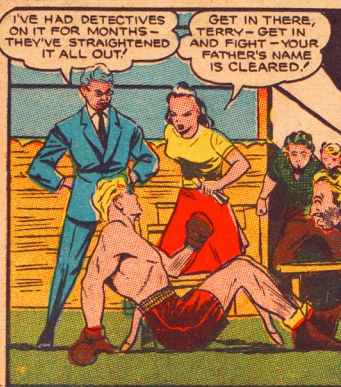
TERRY!  
TERRY!

SON!

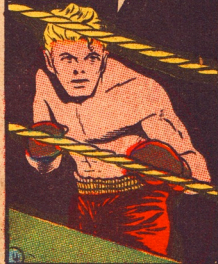
I'VE HAD DETECTIVES  
ON IT FOR MONTHS -  
THEY'VE STRAIGHTENED  
IT ALL OUT!

GET IN THERE,  
TERRY - GET IN  
AND FIGHT - YOUR  
FATHER'S NAME  
IS CLEARED!

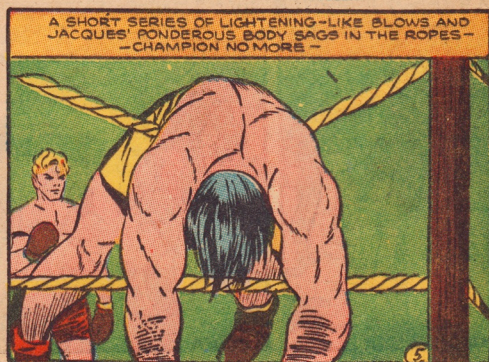
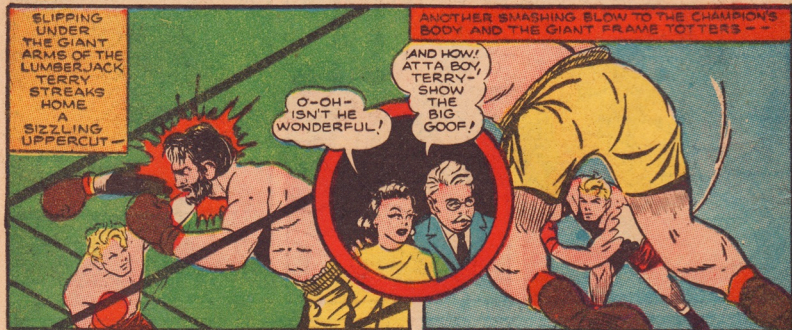
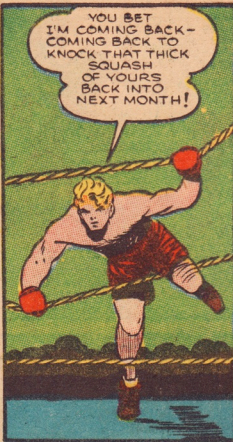
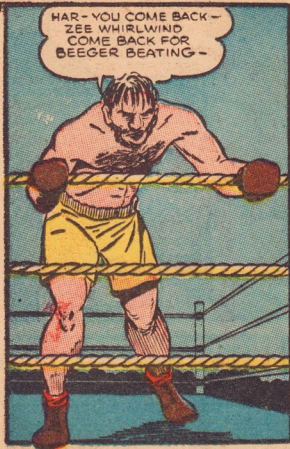
JUST  
THEN  
BONNIE  
RUSHES  
IN  
WITH  
TERRY'S  
FATHER!



THAT'S ALL  
I WANT TO KNOW  
-POPS NAME IS  
CLEARED - YIPPI -  
NOW FOR THAT  
OVER-STUFFED  
LUMMOX!





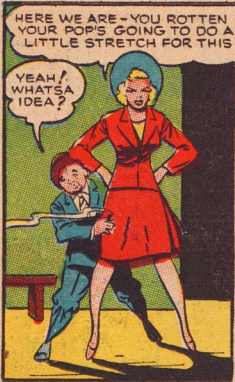






OH TERRY -  
I'M GLAD IT'S  
OVER -  
I-I WAS SO  
FRIGHTENED -  
AND WE DIDN'T  
LOSE OUR MONEY -  
I COULDN'T  
CANCEL THE BETS!

THAT'S SWELL  
DARLING -  
BUT WHERE  
ARE THOSE  
TWO  
SHYSTERS?  
AND WHAT  
HAPPENED?

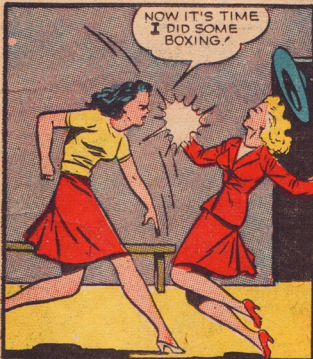


YEAH!  
WHATSA  
IDEA?

HERE WE ARE - YOU ROTTEN WELCHER -  
YOUR POP'S GOING TO DO A NICE  
LITTLE STRETCH FOR THIS TRICK -



IS THAT SO!  
WELL  
TERRY'S FATHER  
HAS FLOWN UP  
HERE AND SEVERAL  
OFFICERS ARE ON  
THEIR WAY TO TAKE CARE  
OF YOU TWO - IT SEEMS  
YOU MADE SEVERAL MIS-  
TAKES IN YOUR LITTLE  
FRAMING GAME -



NOW IT'S TIME  
I DID SOME  
BOXING!



SUSPECTING TRICKERY -- AND  
WITH EVIL GLINTS IN THEIR EYES  
THE LUMBERJACKS APPROACH  
TO DEMAND THEIR WINNINGS --

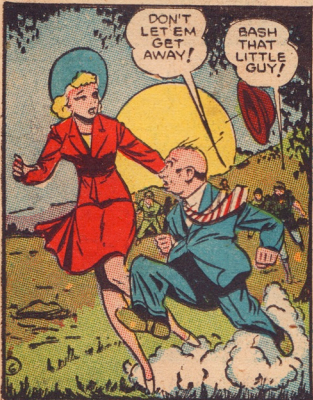
THAT'S  
THE GUY!

HOW  
ABOUT  
OUR  
DOUGH?

YEAH -  
WHERE  
IS IT?

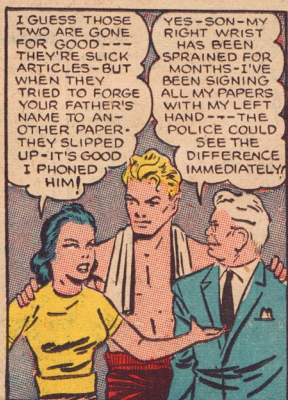


GOSH DELORES - I  
HAVEN'T THE DOUGH  
TO BACK OUR LOSSES  
- A - AND THESE  
GUYS LOOK  
TOUGH -



DON'T  
LET EM  
GET  
AWAY!

BASH  
THAT  
LITTLE  
GUY!



I GUESS THOSE  
TWO ARE GONE  
FOR GOOD ---  
THEY'RE SLICK  
ARTICLES - BUT  
WHEN THEY  
TRIED TO FORGE  
YOUR FATHER'S  
NAME TO AN  
OTHER PAPER -  
THEY SLIPPED  
UP - IT'S GOOD  
I PHONED  
HIM!

YES - SON - MY  
RIGHT WRIST  
HAS BEEN  
SPRAINED FOR  
MONTHS - I'VE  
BEEN SIGNING  
ALL MY PAPERS  
WITH MY LEFT  
HAND --- THE  
POLICE COULD  
SEE THE  
DIFFERENCE  
IMMEDIATELY

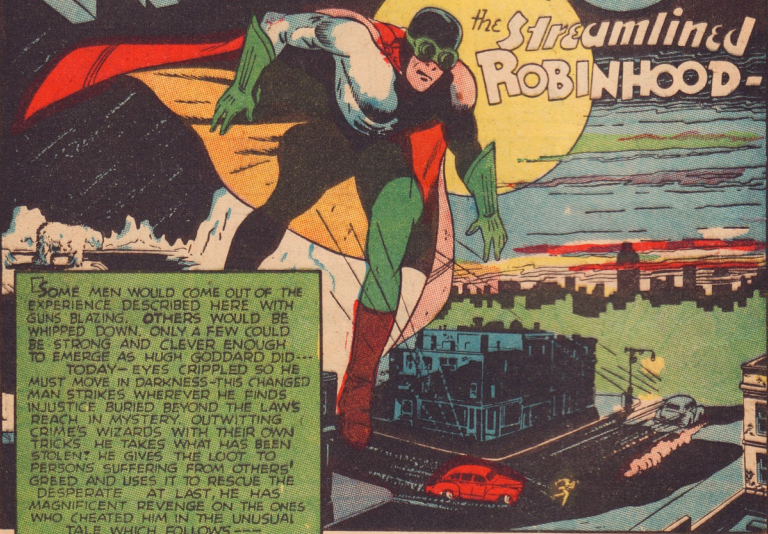


GOSH, KIDS - IT  
SURE WAS SWELL  
HAVING YOU AT  
THE RINGSIDE -  
HOPE TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN IN  
THE  
NEXT ISSUE  
OF  
**DAREDEVIL  
COMICS!**



# NIGHTRO

B. J. Sully  
Roussos



SOME MEN WOULD COME OUT OF THE EXPERIENCE DESCRIBED HERE WITH GUNS BLAZING. OTHERS WOULD BE WHIPPED DOWN. ONLY A FEW COULD BE STRONG AND CLEVER ENOUGH TO EMERGE AS HUGH GODDARD DID--- TODAY-- EYES CRIPPLED SO HE MUST MOVE IN DARKNESS--THIS CHANGED MAN STRIKES WHEREVER HE FINDS INJUSTICE BURIED BEYOND THE LAWS REACH IN MYSTERY. OUTWITTING CRIME'S WIZARDS WITH THEIR OWN TRICKS. HE TAKES WHAT HAS BEEN STOLEN! HE GIVES THE LOOT TO PERSONS SUFFERING FROM OTHERS' GREED AND USES IT TO RESCUE THE DESPERATE. AT LAST, HE HAS MAGNIFICENT REVENGE ON THE ONES WHO CHEATED HIM IN THE UNUSUAL TALE WHICH FOLLOWS---

READ HOW NIGHTRO CAME TO BE--

## A SHORT WHILE AGO--

THE ROAD TO A LIFE OF WEIRD ADVENTURE BEGINS FOR THE YOUNG SCIENTIST, HUGH GODDARD ON A TRIP INTO THE WILDS OF ALASKA. WITH HIM, DOGGING HIS STEPS ARE THE BACKERS OF THE TRIP, HOAG AND A MINING ENGINEER, TOLLINI. THEY ARE FAR UP A LONELY VALLEY WHEN--

AT LAST, TESTING THE ROCK FROM A SHINY BLACK VEIN IN THEIR LABORATORY CABIN--

IT IS! IT'S PITCHBLEND-- RICH IN RADIUM!

RADIUM? A WHOOPIN' BIG VEIN-- WORTH A FORTUNE--



YES, A HUGE MINE, WHEN WE GIVE THIS TO THE **CANCER-CURE FOUNDATION**, JUST THINK--THEY'LL BE ABLE TO HELP CANCER SUFFERERS THE WORLD OVER AT VERY LOW COST--

GIVE IT TO---? WAIT! ARE YOU SURE IT'S RADIUM? LOOK AGAIN--



AS GODDARD BENDS LOWER OVER HIS FIND TOLLINI SEIZES A PIECE OF FIREWOOD--



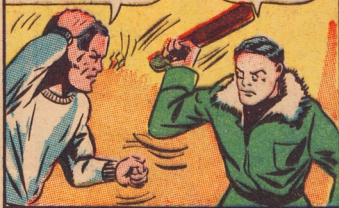
TOLLINI SWINGS A VICIOUS BLOW AGAINST THE BARE HEAD OF HUGH GODDARD.



-BUT IT GLANCES OFF, LEAVING HIM MOMENTARILY DAZED THOUGH STILL CONSCIOUS--

WHAT THA DEVIL? HAVE YOU GONE MAD?? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

HOLY SMOKE?- STILL UP-BUT THIS WILL--



HUGH GODDARD SUDDENLY GRASPS THE SITUATION AND WHIPS A LEFT INTO TOLLINI'S FACE.

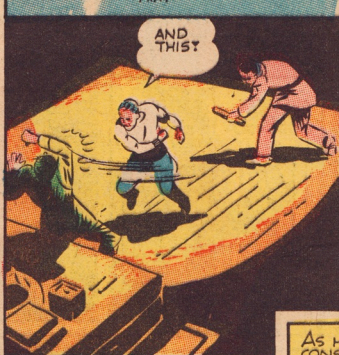


I GET IT NOW! YOU BOYS ARE GETTING A LITTLE GREEDY, EH?

WELL YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE RADIUM-- BUT YOU CAN HAVE THIS!!



BUT AS HUGH GODDARD LASHES AT HIS BETRAYER ANOTHER CLUTCHES A CLUB AND CREEPS UP CAT-LIKE BEHIND HIM--

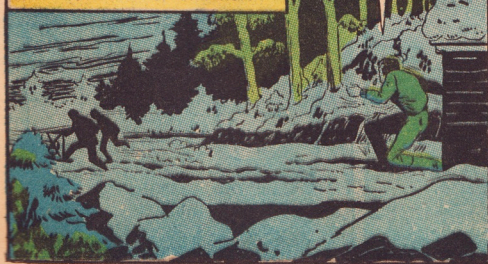


AND THIS!

THE FULL IMPACT OF HOAG'S CLUB SMASHES GODDARD TO THE FLOOR



AS CONSCIOUSNESS SLOWLY RETURNS, GODDARD FINDS THE CAMP GONE. HIS FORMER AIDES HAVE LEFT, TAKING THE ONLY EQUIPMENT WITH WHICH A NORMAL MAN COULD HOPE TO REACH CIVILIZATION--



DON'T LEAVE ME TO DIE--

AS HUGH GODDARD SEMI-CONSCIOUSLY STAGGERS INTO THE WILDS A BLINDING SNOW STORM ENVELOPES HIM--





IN THE WILDS OF ALASKA  
A MAN CAN BATTLE THE  
ELEMENTS ONLY SO LONG—  
THEN HE MUST SINK INTO  
THAT PEACEFULL SLEEP  
FROM WHICH THERE IS  
NO AWAKENING—BUT AS  
HUGH COLLAPSES, SCOUTING  
ESKIMOS ARE NEARBY—

LIGHT MAN  
SLEEP IN SNOW!  
GOOD PLACE  
FOR SLEEP—  
BUT NO  
WAKE UP!

ALMOST DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION  
AND SNOW BLINDNESS, HUGH IS  
CARRIED BY THE KINDLY  
ESKIMOS TO THEIR CAMP!



AND HOURS LATER REGAINS  
CONSCIOUSNESS ONLY TO FACE  
A BLACK WORLD—A WORLD  
DEVOID OF ALL COLOR—FOR  
THE BLINDING REFLECTION  
OF SUN AND SNOW HAS  
TAKEN ITS DEADLY TOLL—  
HUGH GODDARD IS STONE  
BLIND!!!

I—I CAN'T SEE! I'M  
BLIND, OH, NO—NO  
IT CAN'T BE  
TRUE!



BUT IT IS TRUE—  
AND FOR WEEKS  
HUGH GODDARD SUFFERS IN  
DARKNESS—THEN A  
PASSING EXPLORER  
KINDLY ESCORTS HIM  
BACK TO CIVILIZATION—



--AND LEAVES HIM AT  
THE DOOR OF THE  
WORLD FAMED EYE  
SPECIALIST, FRANK  
MILLER!

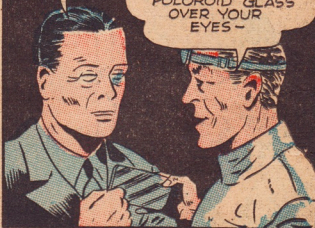
DR.  
MILLER?  
I'M MR.  
GODDARD—

COME  
RIGHT IN,  
MR. GODDARD,  
I RECEIVED  
YOUR WIRE—

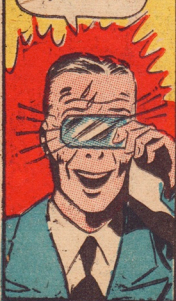


TELL ME  
TRUTHFULLY  
DOCTOR MILLER—  
WILL I EVER  
SEE AGAIN?

YOU HAVE A  
PECULIAR AF-  
FICTION—BUT  
I HAVE AN IDEA—  
DON'T BE IM-  
PATIENT SON—HOLD  
THIS PIECE OF  
POLOROID GLASS  
OVER YOUR  
EYES—

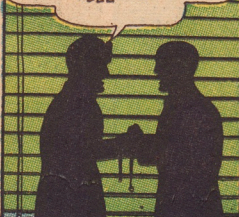


E-EVERYTHING  
IS TAKING  
FORM—W-WHY  
I CAN  
SEE!!!

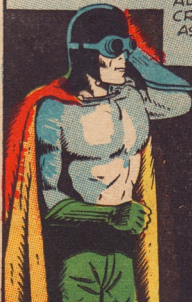


ONE HOUR LATER--

HERE YOU ARE, SON—  
I PUT SOME POLOROID  
EYE PIECES IN THESE  
GLASSES, THEY'RE  
HIDEOUS LOOKING, BUT  
WITH THEM YOU'LL,  
ALWAYS BE  
ABLE TO  
SEE--

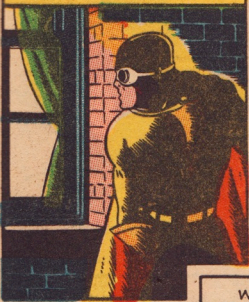


AND SO THE BLIND SEE AND HUGH  
GODDARD EMERGES AS NIGHTRO—  
RESPECTACLED NEMESIS OF CRIME  
FOR, SET APART FROM SOCIETY  
BY HIS GOULISH GLASSES WHAT ELSE TO  
DO, BUT ACQUIRE A SIMILAR ATTIRE AND  
ADOPT A SPIRIT OF  
CRIME PREVENTION  
AS HIS URGE TO  
LIVE--





LATER-OUTSIDE A DARK, SINISTER MANSION-THE STREAMLINED FIGURE OF NIGHTRO PAUSES NEAR A WINDOW-



INSIDE ARE HOAG AND TOLLINI GLOATING OVER THEIR RECENT RADIUM SEIZURE-

NOTHING LIKE TAKING LIFE EASY-EH HOAG?

YEAH! TOO BAD GODDARD ISN'T HERE TO SEE THESE SHOTS OF ALASKA-HE LIKED THE SCENERY SO MUCH HE DECIDED TO STAY-HA-HA!



AT THIS MOMENT NIGHTRO KNOCKS GRIMLY ON THE DOOR.

WHO ARE YOU-WHAT DA YA WANT?

HELLO TOLLINI-REMEMBER ME?



NO-I GUESS YOU WOULDN'T-NOT WITH THESE GLASSES,-AYE RAT?

WELL GENTLEMEN, WITH THESE GLASSES OFF MAYBE YOU CAN RECOGNIZE ME-

GOOD GRAVEY! GODDARD!

THAT'S RIGHT GENTLEMEN! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO PUT THESE ON AGAIN SO THAT I CAN SEE TO CLEAN UP A COUPLE OF SKUNKS-

HAVE I GONE WACKY?

WE'RE GOING TO CLOSE OUR LITTLE BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT MY WAY-NIGHTRO'S WAY!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK-GET HIM!



MAKING A SUDDEN LUNGE TOLLINI WHIPS THE GLASSES FROM NIGHTRO'S EYES-

COMPLETELY BLIND IN THE LIGHT WITHOUT HIS GLASSES NIGHTRO MANAGES TO GET A HEADLOCK ON TOLLINI-

OK?



BUT STAGGERS HELPLESSLY OVER AN UNSEEN CHAIR DURING THE SCUFFLE.



HURLING THE CHAIR IN BLIND DEFENSE NIGHTRO SMASHES THE LAMP, THROWING THE ROOM INTO COMPLETE DARKNESS?



THIS'LL PUT US ON THE SAME BASIS

LOST AND BLIND WITHOUT HIS GLASSES, NIGHTRO GROPPES FEVERISHLY ON THE FLOOR.



GOT THEM?

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YA, NIGHTRO - OR WHATEVER YOU CALL YOURSELF -

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



YOUR PAL'S OUT COLD, BUT I WANT YOU CONSCIOUS?



ALLRIGHT, ALLRIGHT, DON'T BREAK MY ARM?

I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK? SIGN THAT RADIUM MINE RELEASE-AND SIGN IT QUICKLY?



ALRIGHT HOAG? NOW PICK UP YOUR CHUM AND I'LL DROP YOU OFF AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS?



A FLAME LICKS OUT FROM THE ROARING FIRE PLACE AND CATCHES ON A LOOSELY COILED ROLL OF CELLULOID FILM- IN A SECOND THE ROOM IS A BLAZING INFERNO-

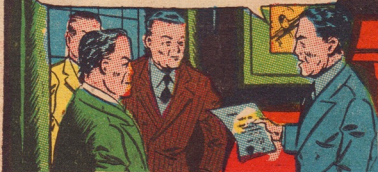


SEPERATED FROM THE SWINDLERS BY THE FLAMES, NIGHTRO FIGHTS DESPERATELY TO GET THROUGH FOR EVEN A CORRUPT LIFE IS WORTH SAVING, BUT THE FIRE BURNS TOO FIERCELY. IN MINUTES NOTHING BUT CHARRED BODIES REMAIN OF THE MEN-



A WEEK LATER AT THE CANCER CURE FOUNDATION...

WELL, GENTLEMEN, I GUESS WE CAN JUST ABOUT RESIGN OUR JOBS. I'VE CHECKED THIS RADIUM MINE CLAIM WE RECEIVED AND THERE'S ENOUGH RADIUM THERE TO CURE EVERYONE IN THE HOSPITAL AND THEM SOME-I ONLY WISH THE MYSTERIOUS PERSON WHO SENT THIS HAD GIVEN US HIS NAME- HE DESERVES THE HEARTFELT THANKS OF THE ENTIRE FOUNDATION--



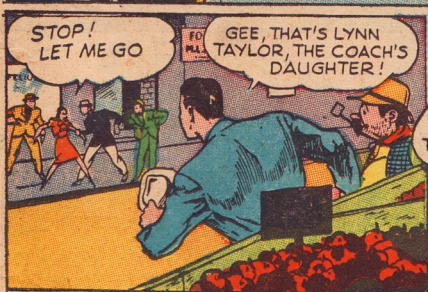
WHY DOES NIGHTRO CALL HIMSELF NIGHTRO? WHAT LIES BEHIND THIS NAME? NEXT MONTH NIGHTRO REVEALS AN ABILITY THAT VERGES ON INCREDIBILITY-ASTOUNDING AS IT MAY APPEAR TO YOU, IT IS NEVER THE LESS TRUE- SEE NEXT ISSUE! 5



# DASH DILLON

IN A TYPICAL COLLEGE TOWN DASH DILLON, HARD WORKING MEDICAL STUDENT AT HALE UNIVERSITY SEES A SITUATION WHICH IS TO PROPEL HIM INTO THE BASEBALL SPOTLIGHT OF THE SCHOOL LEAGUE —

AT  
HALE





AFTER A SODA TOGETHER, DASH WALKS MISS TAYLOR HOME - WHY WITH A PITCHING ARM LIKE YOURS, YOU'D MAKE A GRAND BALL PLAYER, DASH, IT'S A SHAME THAT YOUR MEDICAL COURSE TAKES UP SO MUCH OF YOUR TIME

OH I'D HAVE TIME TO PLAY BALL SOME - BUT DON'T THINK I'D BE MUCH GOOD ...

WELL THANKS AGAIN FOR SAVING ME FROM THOSE HOODLUMS - AND I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU ON THE CAMPUS TOMORROW

FATHER! YOU LOOK TERRIBLY DEPRESSED - IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?

I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS LYNN, BUT UNLESS A MIRACLE HAPPENS I WON'T BE COACH NEXT YEAR -

IT ISN'T YOUR FAULT THAT THE TEAM IS POOR, DAD, YOU HAVEN'T THE PROPER PLAYING MATERIAL

I KNOW LYNN, BUT THE SCHOOL BOARD IS PRETTY DISGUSTED WITH THE TEAM'S RECORD THEY'VE BEEN RATHER NASTY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING -

LATER -

IF DAD HAD A GOOD PITCHER HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SWING THAT BIG GAME WITH YARVARD NEXT WEEK ... H-M-M-- I WONDER ---

NEXT DAY THE MALE BASEBALL SQUAD WARMS UP FOR ITS BIG GAME WITH YARVARD - EVEN UNDER THE EXPERT TUTORAGE OF COACH TAYLOR THE TEAM IS RANKED LAST IN THE LEAGUE

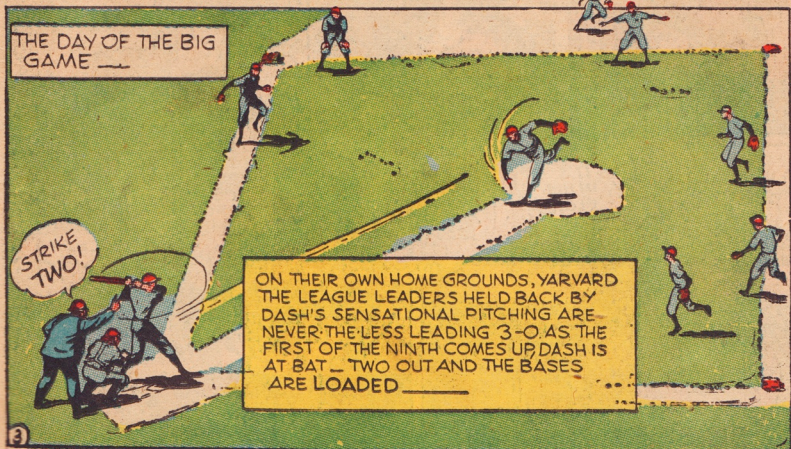
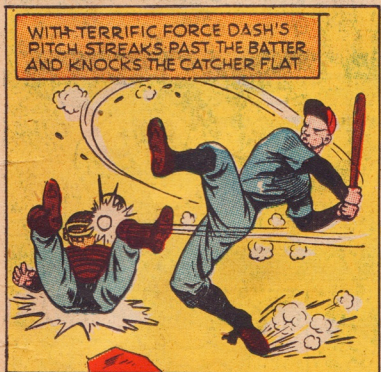
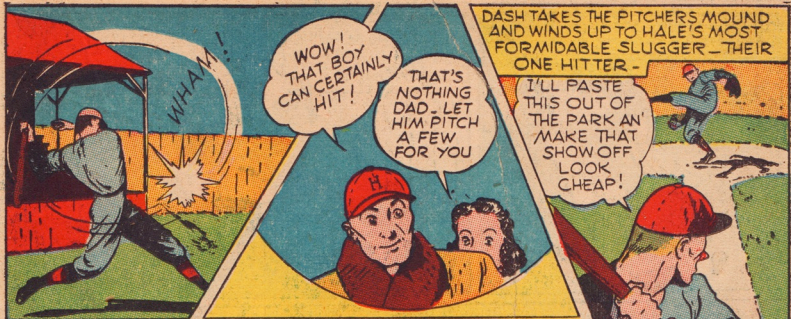
THIS IS DASH DILLON, DAD, I'VE CONVINCED HIM THAT HE SHOULD TRY OUT FOR THE SQUAD -

I HAVEN'T TIME TO BREAK IN ANY NEW PLAYERS DASH, BUT YOU CAN TAKE A TURN AT BATTING IF YOU WANT

WHAT'S THIS BIRD TRYING TO DO - SHOW US HOW GOOD HE IS?

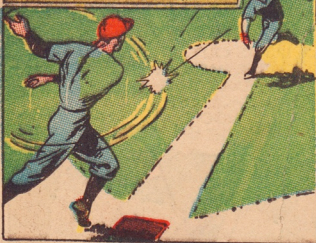
THAT'S DILLON, I DON'T THINK HE EVER SWUNG A BAT IN HIS LIFE -







DASH STEPS INTO THE THIRD PITCH AND CLOUTS A TERRIFIC SMASH INTO CENTER FIELD -



IT'S IN THE BLEACHERS DAD - A HOME RUN! WHOOPIE!

WE'RE IN! NOW IF WE CAN ONLY HOLD THEM!



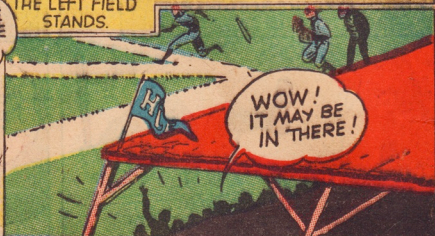
BUT AS DASH REACHES HOME PLATE HE GRIPS HIS WRIST IN PAIN

GOSH, COACH, I SPRAINED MY WRIST ON THAT ONE. DOUBT IF I CAN PITCH WITH IT NOW -

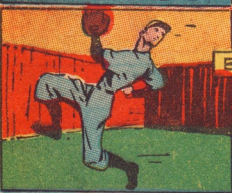
THAT'S OKAY DASH, CHANGE PLACES WITH THE LEFT FIELDER - HE CAN PITCH



THE FIRST BATTER FOR YARVARD GROUNDS OUT, THE SECOND FANS BUT THEN THE THIRD SINGLES AND THE NEXT HITTER POLES A TERRIFIC DRIVE TOWARD THE LEFT FIELD STANDS.



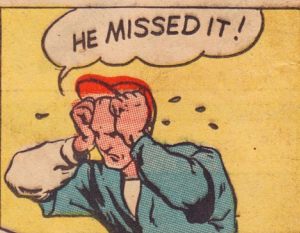
DASH SPRINTS MADLY AFTER THE PELLET -



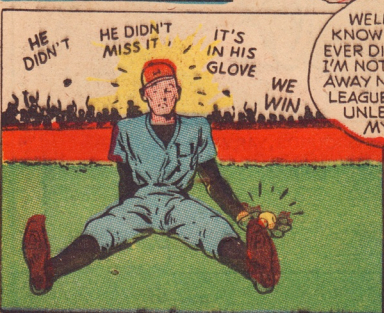
BUT



HE MISSED IT!



HE DIDN'T MISS IT, IT'S IN HIS GLOVE WE WIN



WELL, SON, I DON'T KNOW HOW MY DAUGHTER EVER DISCOVERED YOU. BUT I'M NOT LETTING YOU GET AWAY NOW! WE'LL WIN THE LEAGUE TITLE NEXT YEAR UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS...

THANKS COACH, BUT I GUESS I'D BETTER FORGET FIELDING. FIELDING NOTHING! LET'S GO HAVE AN APPLE, CHAMP



DASH DILLON SCORES ANOTHER HOME-RUN AS HE PUTS THE FOOT INTO FOOT-BALL FOR HALE UNIVERSITY IN NEXT MONTH'S DARE DEVIL COMICS!



# PIONEER

OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS JAWS OF DEATH GORGE, IN THE DEEPEST AND MOST UNKNOWN CANYON OF YELLOWSTONE, COMES THE CHAMPION OF AMERICA—PIONEER!

CHAMPION OF AMERICA by J. GAHR  
COPY. 1941  
THE FREELANCE



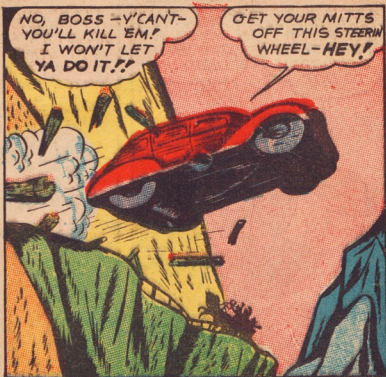
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THIS STRANGE CANYON WE FIND THREE RUTHLESS FUGITIVES, DESPERATE IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THE LAW—TWO ARE DEADLY KILLERS —

LOOK, BOSS — A HORSE AND BUGGY RIGHT IN OUR PATH—WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE OF US — THE ROAD'S TOO NARROW!!

WELL I AIN'T STOPPIN'—IT'S THEM OR US—I'LL BRUSH 'EM OFF THE CLIFF!!

NO, BOSS—Y'CAN'T—YOU'LL KILL 'EM! I WON'T LET YA DO IT!!

GET YOUR MITTS OFF THIS STEERING WHEEL—HEY!





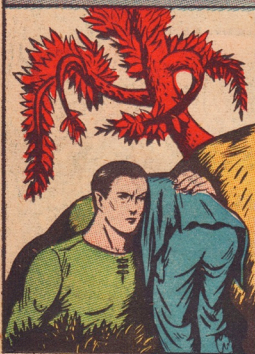
THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE SCENE—

THEY'RE GONERS, ALL RIGHT, AN BESIDES, NO ONE EVER CAME OUT OF DEATH GORGE ALIVE!!

LET'S GET GOIN'- AN' REPORT IT TO THE SHERIFF!

**KRASH**

ONE BY ONE, THE HUSKY YOUTH BEARS THE THREE MEN OFF—



RIGHT, BOSS!! BUT DON'T FORGET WE GOT WORK TO DO!

YEAH, THE BIG BANK JOB WE HAD LINED UP!!



WHILE WANDERING NEARBY, AN UNKNOWN DWELLER OF THE CANYON, PIONEER, HEARS THE CRASH.



**BOOM**

BIG THUNDER, ME GO SEE!

IN HIS CRUDE CABIN, PIONEER CARES FOR THE TRIO—



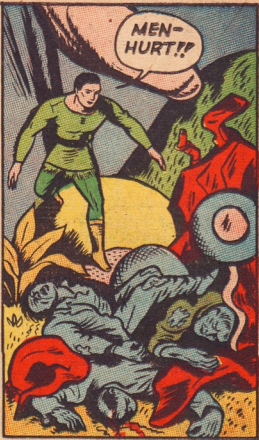
WHAT TH— WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU???

ME FIND YOU— ME HELP YOU GET WELL!



HANGIN' AROUND HERE PROBABLY AIN'T DONE MY AIM ANY GOOD!! WATCH THIS!!

OH— MAKES BOOM BOOM!!



**MEN— HURT!!**

MIRACULOUSLY—THE MEN ARE SOON NURSED BACK TO HEALTH!



SOME PLACE, EH, SCOTTY?? IT'S A NATURAL HIDEOUT!

THE LAYOFF SEEMS NOT TO HAVE IMPAIRED THE THUG'S AIM— A BIRD— HELPLESSLY FALLS TO THE GROUND— PIONEER RUSHES UP.



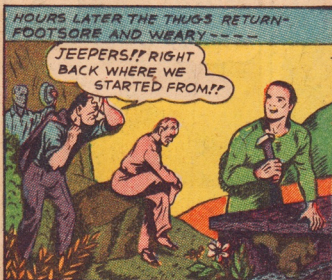
BAD— YOU KILL LITTLE BIRD!

SURE— GOOD SHOT EH— PIONEER?

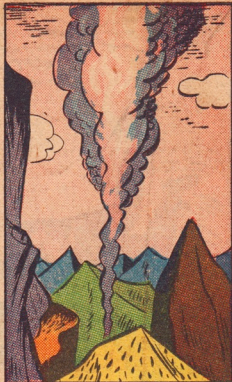




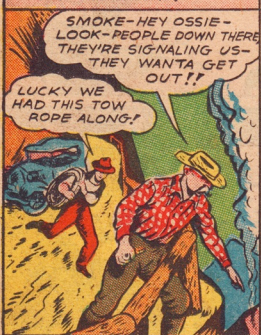
NOT REALIZING THAT NO ONE HAS EVER LEFT DEATH-GORGE ALIVE, THE GANGSTERS START OFF - - -







MEANWHILE, TWO FARMERS, HIGH ABOVE DEATH GORGE, SPY THE SMOKE!!



WITH PIONEER'S AID- THE MEN ARE SOON HOISTED OUT OF THE CANYON- - -





THAT EVENING--

KEEP THE  
MOTOR RUNNING--  
AND KEEP  
PIONEER IN  
THE CAR!!

OKAY,  
BOSS!

NATION  
BANK

REMEMBER,  
PIONEER'S OUR  
SHIELD IN CASE  
OF ANY  
SLIPUPS!

THIS IS A STICKUP,  
MUG-GS-UP  
WITH YER  
DUKES!  
KEEP 'EM  
COVERED--  
I'LL GRAB  
THE CASH!

THE MOBSTERS RUSH MADLY  
OUT OF THE BANK AND RUTHLESSLY  
KILL A BYSTANDER---

HELP--  
POLICE--

AT THE SIGHT OF GUN PLAY--  
PIONEER BECOMES SUSPICIOUS  
AND RUSHES FROM THE CAR--

HEY--  
COME BACK  
HERE!

BAD-YOU  
KILL MAN!

AAGGH!

KLOK!

HIM KILL BIRD,  
HIM KILL  
MAN!?

WHO IS THIS  
GUY--WHAT  
GOES ON HERE?

BREAK  
IT UP!

HE MUST BE  
GOIN' TO A  
MASQUERADE  
PARTY!

WHOEVER YOU ARE--  
YOU'VE JUST  
EARNED \$5000  
REWARD FOR THE  
CAPTURE OF THAT GANG!

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOUR  
FREAK GET UP  
MEANS--BUT  
HERE'S THE  
REWARD!

ME HAPPY--  
ME NO LIKE  
MEN KILL!

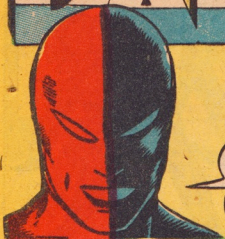
HEY CHIEF--YOU'RE NOT  
LETTING THAT FARMER  
BOY LOOSE WITH  
FIVE GRAND!

Toot!  
Honk!  
Honk!

PIONEER LOOSE IN THE CITY WITH  
\$5000-- WHAT DANGEROUS AD-  
VENTURES AWAIT HIM IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF  
**DAREDEVIL COMICS?**



# DAREDEVIL



FIGHTING  
IS A GOOD  
THING TO STAY  
AWAY FROM,  
FELLAS—BUT AT  
TIMES IT'S  
NECESSARY AND  
THEN YOU REALLY  
HAVE TO BE  
PREPARED!

ON  
"DEFENSE"  
AS TOLD BY  
**DAREDEVIL**  
HIMSELF

**I** REMEMBER a few years ago when I first assumed the role of Daredevil to do my part toward smashing crime. There weren't any villains like the Claw to fight in those days, but I can tell you about one criminal who caused the police a lot of trouble. His name was Nick Mondello, a monstrous hulk of a man, clever, ruthless, and brutal.

One evening while investigating illegal alien entries, I visited a dilapidated cafe run by a half-breed named Polas. Polas ran the roughest, toughest eating place on the San Francisco waterfront. While questioning him concerning the recent wave of alien smuggling he suddenly raised his arm and pointed toward a huge brute of a man seated at the end of the lunch counter.

"See that man?" Polas said, "He's Nick Mondello. He no good. I seen him murder man once."

"Murder!" I exclaimed, "good heavens, man, why don't you turn him in?"

"Turn him in!" Polas laughed, "Har! that do no good. He murder man in China long time ago. Police no believe me!" Polas served a quick cup of coffee and then puckered his features in a dark frown. "Besides," he added, "I turn him in to police—he turn me into grave."

I noticed Polas' face grow grim. Turning abruptly he walked down to Nick Mondello and said something short and fast. Then it happened. With a shout Mondello was on his feet. His fist shot out in an arc and landed with a sickening crunch against Polas' mouth.

"Throw Nick Mondello out of a cheap lunch cart, will you!" he roared.

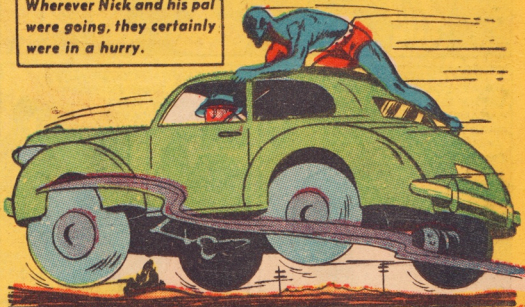
The impact of the blow slammed the little half-breed in-

to a glass cabinet, smashing it to bits. Pathetically he slumped to the floor and spewed teeth from the red smear that was once his mouth. Mondello swung around, cursing. Before the startled patrons could move he had yanked open the door and was striding outside.

That was enough for me. Something mysterious was going on here. I had waited a long time for a clue to this alien smuggling and it looked as if this might be it. Someone had been smuggling Chinese into the country in huge numbers. This man, Nick Mondello, had murdered a man in China who had a great deal of money. It was a weak clue to work on, but at least it was better than none.

Outside in the street Nick lit a cigar and hopped into a waiting car. With a quick move I shed my outer clothes and was on the roof of the sedan clutching the sides for dear life. Seconds later we were tearing around corners at seventy and roaring along straightaways at well over eighty. Wherever Nick and his pal were going, they certainly were in a hurry. Sud-

Wherever Nick and his pal  
were going, they certainly  
were in a hurry.





denly we screeched to a stop by a dismal run-down dock. The sudden motion caught me off my guard. I was yanked off the roof, sent spinning through the air, and then slammed down on the engine hood. In a flash they were on me. Cold steel whipped into view and they fired wildly as I slithered off the hood onto the ground and then underneath the car. Hot lead plucked my costume and I felt a sharp sting in my shoulder. As feet rushed past the car, I lunged out. A thousand colored lights burst in my brain. Something very solid had smashed against my head.

Hours later I awakened to find myself strapped to the lower berth of some ship, evidently out at sea. Above me the face of Nick Mondello leered down.

"Hello, Daredevil," he said, "guess you bit off a little more than you could chew. You may do all right cleaning up those penny ante gangsters but don't think you can pull that stuff on me."

I tested my bonds but found them too secure to snap.

"So my hunch was right," I replied, "you are mixed up in this smuggling game."

Mondello's wide grin froze. "So ya know about that, eh?"

"No, just guessed."

"Well, ya won't have to worry about it much longer, brother, cause you're gonna be fish meat pretty quick."

With this remark Mondello slouched across the cabin and gazed out a window.

"We're almost ready to land," he said.

At this moment a file of Chinese entered the cabin, followed by several of Mondello's stooges. They emerged through a trap door in the floor and as they filed out onto the deck, I guessed that they were going to be landed in one of the small boats. Evidently Mondello had taken me out to sea with him and his men, picked up the aliens from another boat, and was now preparing to set them off along some remote part of the coast. I had just about decided my goose was cooked when the last Chinese in line paused in the doorway. He waited until Mondello had left to manage the landing and then approached me.

"You Daredevil?" he inquired.

"That's right," I answered, "but how do you know me?"

"Oh me know you from costume. Me hear about you in Hongkong. They say you verree good guy. My name Sin Lee."

Sin Lee turned out to be one of the grandest pals a fellow ever

had. He wasn't an alien attempting illegal entry. Mondello had tricked him into getting on board to cook for the crew. With Sin Lee's help we lured the whole crew, along with the Chinese, into a forward compartment, bottled them in, and locked the hatches. But Mondello fooled us. He leaped to the bridge and drawing an automatic from his shirt blazed away at us until it emptied. Then he cursed, slammed the gun at us and raced toward the stern of the ship. Seconds later we saw him spurt toward the shore in a small launch which he had evidently kept for just such a purpose.

All the other boats had been sent drifting when we surprised the crew. Leaving Sin Lee with a rifle to guard our captives, I leaped into the cold water and swam for the coast, some four miles off.

When I reached Mondello's quarters nothing but a smoldering cigar greeted me. Obviously he had just packed his things and left. Acting on a hunch I changed into some of Mondello's old clothes which he had left behind and headed toward Polas' cafe. There was a chance Polas might be able to give me a bit of information on Mondello's family or friends.

Outside Polas' cafe I stopped short. I could see Polas inside surrounded by a large group of persons, all jabbering excitedly. A grin cracked his features as I pushed through the crowd. In his right hand he held a bloody bread knife. Beneath him lay Mondello—blood pouring from a huge gash in his throat.

"Polas!" I shouted.

"Hello, Bart Hill," he said happily, "forget to tell you something before—man Nick Mondello kill in China my brother—but everything all right now."

## DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH

### The LEFT-HOOK

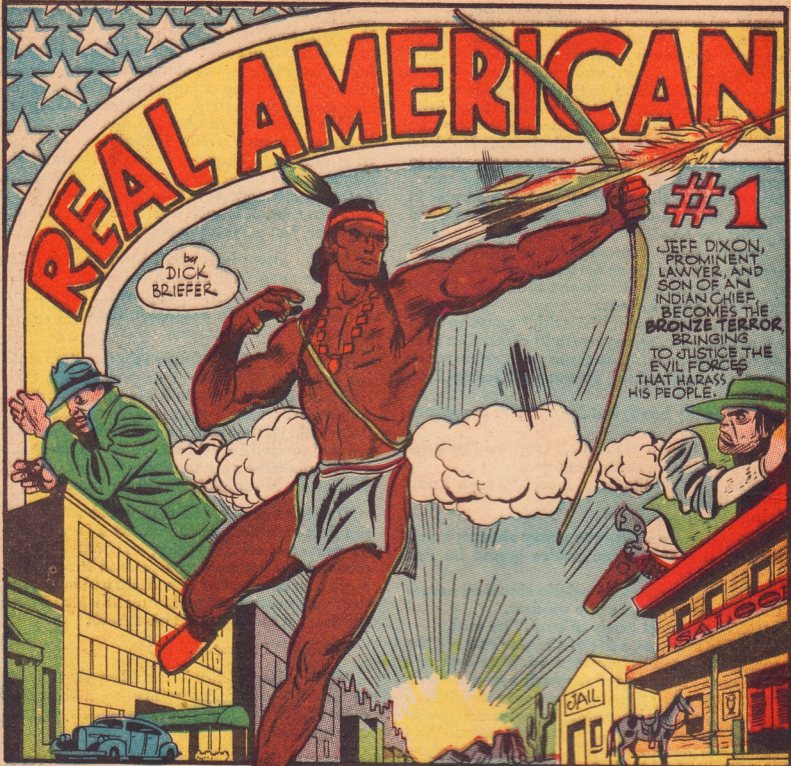


This is usually the first blow of a one-two punch for a knockout. Be sure and keep all your weight centered on the left foot, particularly the weight from the shoulder muscles. Keep the palm down and throw after you have forced an opening with a left jab. Don't let any of these punches fool you, fellas... some of them are tricky... but I'll be back next month with more dope on boxing for you.

UNTIL THEN—SO LONG

*Daredevil*





# REAL AMERICAN

#1

by  
DICK  
BRIEFER

JEFF DIXON,  
PROMINENT  
LAWYER, AND  
SON OF AN  
INDIAN CHIEF  
BECOMES THE  
BRONZE TERROR  
BRINGING  
TO JUSTICE THE  
EVIL FORCES  
THAT HARASS  
HIS PEOPLE.

WHEN THE WILD WEST WAS TAMED, THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER MUST HAVE IGNORED THE LITTLE TOWN OF REDFIELD, NEAR INDIAN TERRITORY. TO-DAY, IT IS STILL DOMINATED BY THE "BAD MEN" OF YESTERYEAR.

IN CONTROL OF THE TOWN IS AN UNSCRUPULOUS RENEGADE, SCAR THORNTON.

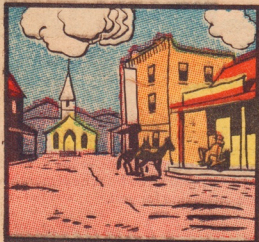
Y'KNOW, ZEKE, YOU'VE BEEN GITTIN' ON MY NERVES FOR A LONG TIME. I AIN'T GONNA STAND FOR IT MUCH LONGER!

AW, NOW, SCAR-- IF I--

IN FACT, I'M GONNA MAKE SURE I AIN'T PESTERED AGIN BY YOU. GIT THIS!

OHHHH

BANG





PROBE FOR THE BULLET SO'S I CAN ADD IT TO MY COLLECTION OF USED SLUGS.



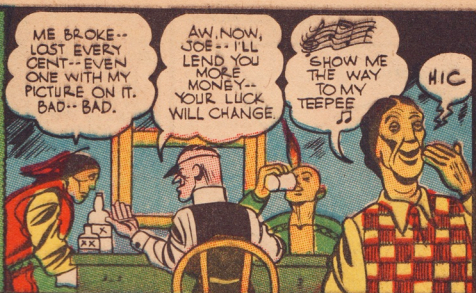
SCARS CHEATING WAYS SHOW UP BEST WHEN THE INDIANS COME TO HIS SALOON. PLYING THEM WITH LIQUOR, HE FLEECES THEM OF THEIR MONEY AT CROOKED GAMBLING TABLES AND BY CLEVER CARD-SHARPING.

ME BROKE-- LOST EVERY CENT-- EVEN ONE WITH MY PICTURE ON IT. BAD-- BAD.

AW, NOW, JOE-- I'LL LEND YOU MORE MONEY-- YOUR LUCK WILL CHANGE.

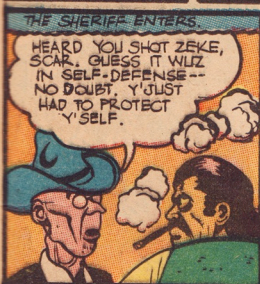
SHOW ME THE WAY TO MY TEEPEE

HIC



THE SHERIFF ENTERS.

HEARD YOU SHOT ZEKE, SCAR. GUESS IT WUZ IN SELF-DEFENSE-- NO DOUBT, Y'JUS'D HAD TO PROTECT Y'SELF.



THE MAYOR ENTERS.

I HEARD ZEKE PULLED A GUN ON YOU, SCAR. WELL, YOU DID THE ONLY SANE THING YOU COULD.



IN SCAR'S OFFICE...

NOW, SCAR-- YOU GOT TO GO EASY ON THESE KILLINGS. IT LOOKS BAD FOR US.

YEAH-- THE FOLKS WILL FIND OUT WE'RE IN CAHOOTS!

AS IF THEY DON'T KNOW NOW! GO ON, BEAT IT-- I'M BUSY!



JUST THEN, INTO THE SALOON STRIDES WHITE FALCON, CHIEF OF THE TRIBE, WITH A YOUNG AIDE



ALL MY MEN-- GO! GO HOME-- AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHIEF-- ARE YOU A SORE LOSER?

YOU LET MY MEN ALONE-- YOU CROOKED GAMBLER.



I ALWAYS THOUGHT WHITE MAN OUR FRIEND-- BUT YOU ARE JUST DESERT RAT! I GO.



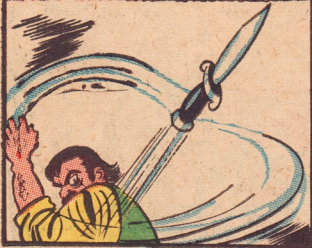
THAT RED BUM! IF HE DOESN'T LIKE IT IN THIS COUNTRY, WHY DOESN'T HE GO BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM?

LOOK OUT, SCAR-- YOU'RE INVITING TROUBLE!





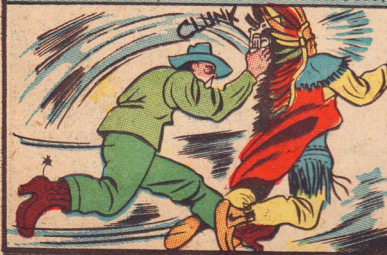
SCAR SENDS THE KNIFE WHIZZING  
ACROSS THE ROOM.



BUT THE CHIEF'S  
FAITHFUL AIDE  
SEES THIS,  
AND STEPS  
IN THE WAY  
TO SAVE HIM,  
ONLY TO  
RECEIVE THE  
BLADE FULL  
IN THE  
HEART!



A WORD FROM SCAR, AND THE CHIEF IS SLUGGED.



GOOD WORK! NOW  
POUR THAT LIQUOR  
ALL OVER HIM AND  
DOWN HIS THROAT.  
THEN SEND FOR  
JUDGE HAWKS!



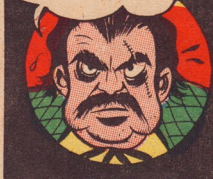
ENTER JUDGE HAWKS.

JUDGE, THIS IS AN  
OUTRAGE! THIS  
DRUNKEN CHIEF  
STABBED THAT  
BRAVE TO DEATH!

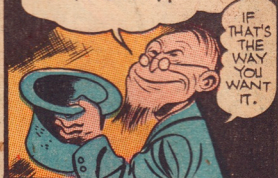
HMM--  
MURDER,  
EH?



I WUZ SORTA  
FOND OF THAT INJUN  
KID--SO I'D LIKE TO  
SEE THAT CHIEF FOUND  
GUILTY, SEE?



WAL, SCAR, I HAPPEN  
TO KNOW THAT'S YORE  
KNIFE IN THAT INJUN,  
BUT-- HEH, HEH-- I GUESS  
MY JURY WILL FIND HIM  
- ER-- GUILTY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE CHIEF'S  
TRIAL TAKES PLACE.

THE JURY WILL NOW  
GIT OUT AND DECIDE  
WHETHER THE  
ACCUSED IS GUILTY!



WE DON'T NEED TO  
GO OUT, JUDGE!  
HE'S GUILTY!

WAKE UP,  
SI!

WHAT--HUH?  
OH, YEAH--  
GUILTY!

HANG THE  
BUM!



WHILE ON THE  
RESERVATION---

HOW UNJUST!  
WHAT A DISGRACE  
I HOPE THIS LETTER  
GETS TO JEFF IN  
TIME.





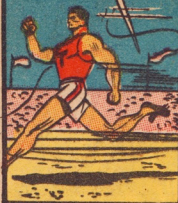
AT A MID-WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

SAY! WHO IS THAT  
RECORD-BREAKER?

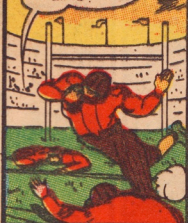
THAT'S OUR  
JEFF DIXON



THERE'S JEFF DIXON  
QUINCHING THE 100  
YARD DASH!



LOOK AT  
JEFF DIXON  
CRASH THAT  
LINE!



THERE GOES  
JEFF DIXON,  
THE  
FULL-BLOODED  
INDIAN!

WHAT  
A MAN!



--AND TO YOU, JEFF  
DIXON, THE AWARDS  
FOR OUTSTANDING  
SCHOLARSHIP AND  
OUTSTANDING PER-  
FORMANCE ON  
THE ATHLETIC  
FIELD.

OW!  
MY  
HAND!



FROM THERE,  
JEFF DIXON  
GOES ON TO  
LAW SCHOOL,  
TO BECOME  
A  
SUCCESSFUL  
LAWYER.

SORRY, MR. WELCH, BUT  
I AM NOT GOING TO DEFEND  
BUTCH SNARK. I FIGHT  
FOR JUSTICE--NOT  
TO FREE CRIMINALS.  
GET OUT!



WHY, YOU YOUNG SNIP,  
YOU'RE STILL WET  
BEHIND THE EARS!  
YOU'D BETTER THINK  
AGAIN!



I SEE YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND ME.  
I'LL HAVE TO PUT  
YOU OUT, ONE  
WAY OR ANOTHER!



IT IS THIS DAY THAT JEFF  
RECEIVES THE LETTER FROM  
LILLY, HIS CHILDHOOD  
SWEETHEART.

SO DAD IS IN JAIL--  
FALSELY ACCUSED OF  
MURDER! HMM-- A  
PLANE WILL GET ME  
HOME IN THREE HOURS!



JEFF ARRIVES  
AT THE  
RESERVATION.

AND HE'S A PRETTY  
TOUGH EGG!

IT'S NO USE,  
JEFF--SCAR  
THORNTON RUNS  
THE WHOLE TOWN.



THAT  
AFTER-  
NOON!

WHAT THE?



A FLAMING ARROW SHOTS INTO SCAR'S OFFICE!

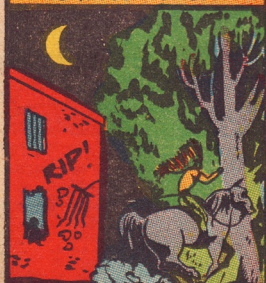




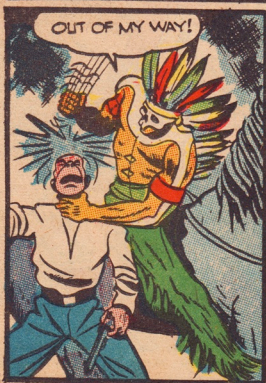
AND OUT OF THE NIGHT STREAKS SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A HIDEOUS BRONZE STATUE COME TO LIFE-- THE BRONZE TERROR!



STRAIGHT UP TO THE JAIL HE RIDES, AND TIES A ROPE TO THE WINDOW BARS.



A MIGHTY HEAVE---



AND THE CHIEF IS FREE.



THE BRONTE TERROR RIDES RIGHT INTO SCAR'S SALOON!





THE BRONZE TERROR CRASHES IN THE DOOR, ONLY TO RECEIVE SCAR'S BULLET IN HIS ARM!



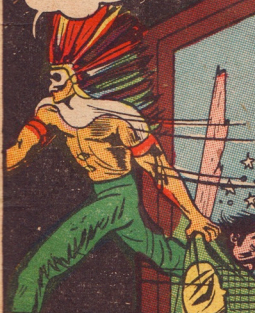
I CAME TO HAVE A LITTLE FIST FIGHT, NOT A GUN BATTLE!



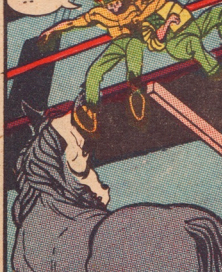
A BULLET ONLY MAKES A LITTLE HOLE--BUT A SET OF KNUCKLES MAKES A FINE SPLATTER!



COME ON-- OUT THIS DOOR WITH ME--



LIKE TWO ANGELS--



A WILD RIDE ON THE HORSE'S BARE BACK, AND THORNTON IS DUMPED ON THE OLD CHIEF'S RESERVATION.



THE BRONZE TERROR! THAT MUST BE THE ONE WHO FREED WHITE FALCON-- AND HE RODE OFF-- BEFORE WE COULD THANK HIM.



BURN HIM AT STAKE!

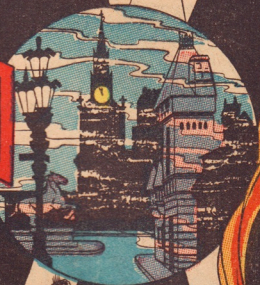


OH, JEFF, YOU MISSED HIM-- THE BRONZE TERROR, I MEAN! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT MAN--A REAL HERO-- WHY, JEFF--WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARM?





# LONDON



EMERGING FROM THE CHAOS AND DEBRIS OF WAR-TORN ENGLAND IS A DEBONAIR FIGURE WHO WITH HIS CHARM AND DASHING BRAVADO INJECTS A NEW SPIRIT INTO THE HEARTS OF THE SUFFERING PEOPLE

FROM MELBOURNE TO BOMBAY—FROM COVENTRY TO SUEZ, SPEED FANTASTIC STORIES OF THIS STARTLING NEW CHARACTER WHO SUCCESSFULLY MATCHES WITS WITH THE MOST CUNNING AGENTS...MASTERS OF ESPIONAGE...WHO HAVE COME TO FEAR...AND EVEN ADMIRE HIM, THIS MAN, KNOWN SIMPLY AS

LONDON!

FOR HE IS LONDON... THE LIVING BREATHING REALITY TO PROVE... LONDON CAN TAKE IT!

W. J. P. B. LONDON



GREAT BATTLES ARE WON BY FORCE OF ARMS, BUT HISTORY IS WRITTEN, AND THE FATE OF MILLIONS DECIDED, BY INDIVIDUAL ACTS OF DARING AND HEROISM...

IN THIS THE FIRST AUTHENTICATED EPISODE OF THE WAR TO ESCAPE THE RIGID CENSORSHIP ABROAD - IS THE MOST SENSATIONAL NEWSBEAT OF ALL TIME! WHEN THE NAZIS HAD VICTORY IN THEIR GRASP THE ENTIRE MILITARY MIGHT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WAS HELPLESS - AND IT WAS FOR ONE MAN TO COUNTER THEIR ENEMYS BOLDEST MOVE!

SWINE!

HEIL DER FUHRER!

HEIL DER SWINE!

A CONCENTRATION CAMP IN NAZI-OCCUPIED HOLLAND, JUST OFF THE INVASION COAST.

THE NIGHTLY LINEUP IS ENDED WITH THE CUSTOMARY "HEIL HITLER" - BUT THE MOCKING ROUTINE IS RUDELY UPSET - ONE PRISONER ASSUMES A CONTEMPTIBLE POSE...

YOU!  
STEP OUT!  
OF LINE!



IN A RACE WITH DEATH, THE PRISONER MAKES FOR THE POWERHOUSE - A FEMALE ACCOMPICE ANXIOUSLY AWAITS HIM...

THANK HEAVENS,  
FRANZ - YOU'RE  
SAFE - QUICK -



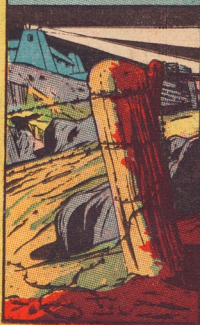
THE TWO WOULD-BE FUGITIVES FEVERISHLY RACE TO THE HUGE DYNAMOS WHICH SEND THE LIVE CURRENT SURGING THROUGH THE DEATH DEALING BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE...

ACH, BRAVE GIRL, DIAN, DER WORST IS PAST. WE'LL NEVER BE FOUND, ALL DER POWER, SHUT OFF!

OH, FRANZ! I DO HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT - I'M SO FRIGHTENED!



MINUTES LATER - LIGHTS ARE RESTORED - ENRAGED GUARDS SCOUR THE GROUNDS - BUT UNNOTICED, A FEW CUT STRANDS OF BARBED-WIRE, MUTE EVIDENCE OF AN ESCAPE -





AFTER  
MINUTES  
THAT  
SEEM  
LIKE  
HOURS---

MY FRIENDS  
HAFF NOT  
FAILED! DER  
BOAT ISS  
WAITING!

THE  
LIGHTS  
JUST  
WENT  
ON!

I'D HATE TO THINK  
FRANZ, IF THEY HAD  
KNOWN THAT I'M THE  
PRIME MINISTER'S  
NIECE--I GUESS I  
COULD HAVE LEFT  
SCHOOL IN ROTTERDAM  
WHEN THE GERMANS  
INVADED--BUT I JUST HAD  
TO HELP THOSE POOR  
REFUGEES  
ESCAPE!

HAD I NOT BEEN  
SO FOOLISHLY  
IDEALISTIC IN MY  
TEACHINGS AT DER  
UNIVERSITY, I TOO  
WOULDT NEVER  
HAFF SUFFERED  
SUCH AN ORDEAL!  
BUT IT WAS  
GOOD! I HAD  
MY FRIENDS  
TO HELP  
ME!

LOOK!  
FRANZ,  
WE'RE SAVED!  
A BRITISH  
DESTROYER!

ACH...  
GOODT!

MOTOR BOAT  
TO THE  
STARBOARD--  
LOWER AWAY!

FRANZ AND DIAN ARE TAKEN BELOW  
TO THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS---

SO YOU'VE ESCAPED  
FROM UNDER THE  
VERY NOSES OF THE  
BLOOMING NAZIS--  
YOU'RE BOTH RATHER  
LUCKY, EH WOT? I SAY--  
YOU NOTICE ANY  
MILITARY PREPARATIONS  
ALONG THE  
INVASION  
COAST?

---NOTHING  
SIR BUT  
DER ARE  
CONSTANT  
RUMORS  
OF SOME  
NAZI MOVE.

---HMMM, I MUST SAY--I'M  
RATHER SKEPTICAL OF YOUR  
STORIES--THE PRIME MINISTER'S  
OWN NIECE IN A CONCENTRATION  
CAMP--YOUR MIRACULOUS  
ESCAPE! YOU KNOW  
THOSE BLASTED NAZIS KEEP  
RIGHT CAREFUL WATCH OVER  
THEIR POLITICAL PRISONERS!

BUT  
SIR--IF  
YOU CALL  
MY UNCLE  
I'M  
SURE---

WELL--WE'LL SOON FIND OUT---

YES, PRIME MINISTER?  
ADMIRAL HAWKINS, H.M.S. BAL-  
FUR, I'VE JUST PICKED UP  
A COUPLE OFF THE  
COAST IN A SMALL BOAT--  
SAID THEY FLED FROM  
HOLLAND. THE GIRL CLAIMS  
TO BE YOUR NIECE--  
DIAN--YES--SHE'S  
FINE--VERY GOOD.  
I'LL SEND THEM IN  
IMMEDIATELY BY  
ESCORT!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN A PRIVATE STUDIO OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CO. THE BRILLIANT NEWSCASTER, MARC HOLMES, IS GIVING HIS NIGHTLY SUMMARY OF WORLD AFFAIRS...

FROM THE HEART OF LONDON—THIS IS MARC HOLMES SPEAKING—

...AND IN THE UNITED STATES THE PRESIDENT RECOMMENDED TO CONGRESS TODAY A NEW DEFENSE BILL. BUT TONIGHT IN THE BRITISH ISLES, THE TALK IS AGAIN OF THE SENSATIONAL ESCAPADES OF THE MYSTERIOUS LONDON! TOMORROW NIGHT—THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR—EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION ABOUT LONDON HIMSELF!

IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING HIS BROADCAST, MARC RECEIVES AN URGENT CALL—

HELLO, PRIME MINISTER? YES—WHAT? DIAN? WHEN? HOW?—I'LL DASH RIGHT OVER!

AT 10 DOWNING STREET, MARC ENTHUSIASTICALLY GREETES HIS FIANCE, WHO HAD NOT BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE THE GERMANS INVADDED HOLLAND!!

DIAN—GOSH IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! WHAT THE DEVIL HAPPENED?

OH MARC, IT WAS SO TERRIBLE!—BUT THAT'S ALL PAST NOW!

YOUNG MAN, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO REPAY YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE! MY NIECE IS VERY DEAR TO ME. YOUR ESCAPE WAS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!!

MARC, YOU ABOVE ALL MUST REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION. WE MUST ACHIEVE PARITY IN THE AIR WITH THE GERMANS! THE NIGHTLY BOMBINGS WERE CUTTING DOWN ON PRODUCTION OF OUR AIRCRAFT—UNTIL LAST WEEK. THEN, ALL ATTACKS CEASED! NOT AN ENEMY PLANE CROSSED THE CHANNAL!! THE NAZI HIGH COMMAND IS PREPARING FOR SOME MOVE—ALL OUR AGENTS IN EUROPE REPORT THE SAME THING—WHEN, WHERE DIAN, THE IS IN THE ENEMY!!

SUDDENLY A STARTLING SIREN SHRIEKS—ONCE MORE THE GERMAN LUFTWAFFE RESUMES ITS SAVAGE, INDISCRIMINATE BOMBINGS—BUT THIS TIME IN MASS FORMATIONS OF COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF DEADLY HEINKEL BOMBERS! IN AN APPARENT ALL OUT ATTEMPT TO BRING BRITAIN TO HER KNEES, THEY STRIKE AT THE VERY HEART OF THE EMPIRE!!

NAZIS PLANES!! THOUSANDS! BLACKOUT!

THE NAZIS DESPERATELY ATTEMPT TO BREAK THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE PROTECTING THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS—SENDING ITS OFFICIAL RESIDENTS TO THE SHELTERS—

REACHING THE SHELTER, MARC SUDDENLY STOPS AND WHIRLS, STARTLED—

PRIME MINISTER WHERE ARE Y-- AND THOSE SAILORS? AND--FRANZ?



SENSING DANGER MARC  
RACES BACK TO THE  
PRIME MINISTER'S SUITE---

---IF THIS IS SOME  
FIENDISH SCHEME--  
THAT FRANZ---



...AND BURSTS INTO  
THE ROOM TO FACE  
THE REALIZATION OF  
HIS WORST FEARS

YOU CATCH ON  
QUICK, HOLMES!  
-BUT NOT QUICK  
ENOUGH!



BUT THE INGENUOUS PLOT OF THE  
NAZIS IS IRONICALLY UPSET BY  
THEIR OWN AIRFORCE--AS A BOMB  
MAKES A DIRECT HIT UPON  
10 DOWNING ST.



QUICKLY RECOVERING, MARC,  
NOW SEETHING WITH ANGER,  
LASHES OUT VICIOUSLY AT THE  
CONTEMPTIBLE TRAITOR!



BUT IT IS TOO  
LATE--THE PRIME  
MINISTER HAS  
VANISHED COMPLETELY!  
NEWS IS FLASHED  
TO THE COAST PATROL  
THAT THE MOST DEADLY  
NAZI AGENTS ARE ATTEMPTING  
TO FLEE TO GERMANY! THE  
ENTIRE ISLAND IS PLACED  
UNDER MARTIAL LAW--BUT  
THE CATASTROPHIC NEWS THAT  
THE PRIME MINISTER HAD  
BEEN KIDNAPPED IS WITHHELD!  
THE GOVERNMENT ATTEMPTS  
TO CARRY ON IN THE  
FOLLOWING FATEFUL HOURS!!  
DESPERATELY IN NEED OF  
INFORMATION ABOUT THE TWO  
TRAITOROUS SAILORS, AND THE  
SPY, FRANZ--MARC HOLMES  
MAKES A FEVERISH APPEAL  
TO THE MILLIONS OF HIS  
RADIO AUDIENCE--

...THE THREE NAZI AGENTS  
AT LARGE ARE IN POSSESSION  
OF SOMETHING, WHICH, IF  
DELIVERED INTO THE  
HANDS OF HITLER WOULD BE  
FATAL TO OUR CAUSE--ANY  
CLUE, NO MATTER HOW TRIVIAL  
IT MAY SEEM, SHOULD BE  
WIRED IMMEDIATELY TO  
SCOTLAND YARD!!

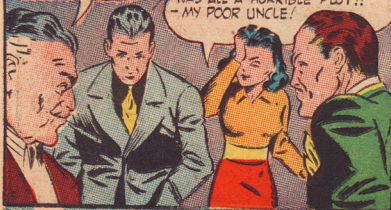


LATER AT SCOTLAND YARD--

DIAN'S ESCAPE WITH FRANZ  
WAS CAREFULLY PLANNED  
BY THE NAZIS! THEY KNEW  
DIAN'S RELATIONSHIP WITH  
THE PRIME MINISTER AND  
GAMBLER FRANZ WOULD  
BE TAKEN TO HIM AS  
HER RESCUER!

YES, INSPECTOR!  
THE FOUR SAILORS  
WERE PLANTED ON THE  
PATROL DESTROYER--THE  
RESUMPTION OF NIGHT  
BOMBING WAS THE PERFECT  
FRONT FOR THEIR ESCAPE!

... HOW COMPLETELY I  
TRUSTED FRANZ AND IT  
WAS ALL A HORRIBLE PLOT!!  
-MY POOR UNCLE!



I WON'T ADMIT DEFEAT,  
HOLMES, BUT I MUST  
SAY OUR HANDS ARE  
TIED! THERE'S ONLY  
ONE MAN WHO CAN  
HELP US--LONDON!  
I SAY, MARC, IN  
YOUR BROADCAST--  
YOU PROMISED  
INFORMATION ABOUT  
HIM--

HE'LL BE DIFFICULT  
TO CONTACT, BUT I'LL  
DO MY BEST! IN THE MEAN-  
TIME, SEE WHAT YOU CAN  
GET OUT OF THAT SAILOR!

HMM--YES  
LONDON! HE IS  
THE ONLY ONE!





AND HOLMES DOES CONTACT LONDON, FOR SHORTLY, A TALL, DEBONAIRE FIGURE APPEARS WITH CHARACTERISTIC ABRUPTNESS—



LONDON!

THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! I CAN'T GET A THING OUT OF THIS BLASTED--

OF COURSE HE KNOWS IN TIME OF WAR A TRAITOR SUFFERS THE EXTREME PENALTY—DEATH! IF HE COULD RECALL JUST WHERE THE PRIME MINISTER WAS TAKEN, HOWEVER I'M SURE SOME THING COULD BE DONE--

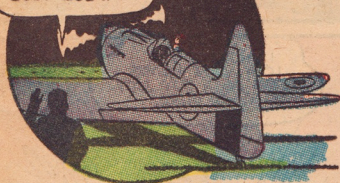


YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW THAT I'M CAUGHT WHY SHOULD I PLAY HERO AND BURN FOR THOSE SCUM--I'LL TALK AND GET OFF EASY—I REMEMBER NOW! THEY'VE GOT THE PRIME MINISTER ON A TORPEDO BOAT HEADED FOR MELDORF, A SMALL PORT ON THE GERMAN COAST! THEY'LL ARRIVE AT 11:30 TONIGHT!

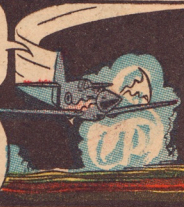
THAT'S USING YOUR HEAD, SAILOR—INSPECTOR, HAVE A PURSUIT PLANE READY FOR ME IMMEDIATELY! LONDON IS GOING TO GERMANY



YOU MUST COME THROUGH, LONDON YOU'RE BRITAIN'S LAST HOPE—GOOD LUCK!



I SHOULD BE THERE WITHIN AN HOUR! THAT'LL GIVE ME ABOUT 15 MINUTES BEFORE THE BOAT DOCKS! THE REST IS EASY! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PERSUADE THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND IT ISN'T CRICKET TO ABDUCT THE PRIME MINISTER!



UNDER COVER OF NIGHT, LONDON SETS HIS PLANE DOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE SMALL PORT, JUST IN TIME TO SEE—

A NAZI OFFICER—HE'S HEADING FOR THE DOCKS—



SORRY, YOU CAN'T STICK AROUND TO SEE THE FUN!





MEANWHILE, ON THE DOCK, ANXIOUS OFFICIALS AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE KIDNAPPED PRIME MINISTER

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW- THE FEUHRER WILL BE FURIOUS-YES WHAT IS IT?

COMMANDANT, THE BOAT IS SIGHTED!

THE FEUHRER IS WAITING FOR YOU WE SHALL GO TO BERTCHESGARTEN AT ONCE. OFFICER, START THE CAR!

YES HERR COMMANDANT!

BUT EVEN THE PRIME MINISTER IS WRONG, FOR THE FATE OF ENGLAND DOES DEPEND ON ONE MAN- FOR AS THE DRIVER OF THE CAR TURNS, WE SEE DISGUISED AS A NAZI OFFICER, MARC HOMES, THE RADIO ANNOUNCER FOR HE IS THE MYSTERIOUS LONDON!

MOTOR TROUBLE, HERR COMMANDANT!

HMMM--

HIMMEL! THE FEUHRER WILL BE FURIOUS! IT MUST BE FIXED!!

IF WE DON'T, WE'LL BOTH LOSE OUR HEADS!

YOU HAVE COME TO GIFF GERMAN, AN ULTIMATUM, PERHAPS, PRIME MINISTER?- TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO SURRENDER- HA! HA!

GOOD WORK, FRANZ!

WELL, PRIME MINISTER, HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THE WAR WILL LAST NOW? - WITH YOU PUNY ENGLISH WITHOUT A LEADER!

BRITAIN WILL CARRY ON! THE FATE OF OUR COUNTRY IS NEVER DEPENDANT UPON ANY ONE MAN!

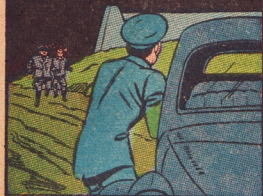
I THOUGHT YOU LOST YOUR HEADS LONG AGO, BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE!



SEEING THE CAR STOP, TWO NAZIS FROM THE PORT RACE TO THE SCENE -

COMMANDANT, VOT ISS WRONG?

PRIME MINISTER- THIS IS A FRIEND! YOU MUST TRUST ME! -- OH OH -



BUT-- BUT--

FOOLS! CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S ONLY MOTOR TROUBLE! UNDER OUR GREAT FUEHRER NOTHING IS WRONG - BUT MOTOR TROUBLE HEIL HITLER!



HEIL HITLER

GOODT! CHIN UP! HEIL HITLER



VERY GOODT!

HEIL HIT...



YOU? HOLMES? HERE, BUT HOW --?

FRANZ!



I DIDN'T HOPE FOR THIS UN-EXPECTED PLEASURE



RUSHING TO THE PLANE WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, MARC, TO CONCEAL HIS IDENTITY, STOPS AND RESUMES HIS ROLE OF LONDON!

A FEW MORE MINUTES, PRIME MINISTER, AND I'LL HAVE THAT BLINDOLD OFF!



NO, PRIME MINISTER, BRITAIN SHALL NEVER KNOW HOW CLOSE SHE CAME TO DEFEAT!

NEVER BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, HAVE SO MANY OWED SO MUCH TO ONE MAN, LONDON!



THAT EVENING, MARC HOLMES AGAIN MAKES HIS NIGHTLY BROADCAST- TUNED IN BY MILLIONS THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE -

FROM THE HEART OF LONDON, THIS IS MARC HOLMES SPEAKING! I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED OF THE SENSATIONAL NEWS THAT THE RUMORS OF SOME NAZI MOVE HAVE BEEN UNCOVERED OF NONE OTHER THAN LONDON! THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND HAD A FANTASTIC SCHEME TO KIDNAP THE PRIME MINISTER - RIDICULOUS, EH WOT?



ANOTHER UNCENSORED STORY FROM THE LIFE OF LONDON NEXT MONTH!



# PAT PATRIOT

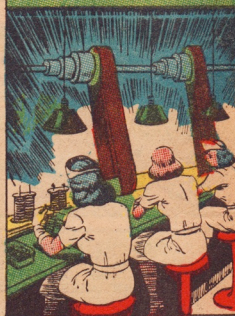
"AMERICA'S  
JOAN OF ARC"

THE SPIRIT OF 1941 - SIMILAR  
TO THAT OF '76 - IS EMBODIED  
IN A YOUNG GIRL WHO RISES  
ABOVE THE RANKS TO LEAD  
HER PEOPLE IN RIDDING OUR  
COUNTRY OF ITS ENEMIES--



CHUCK WOODRO

IN THE MALLISON AIRPLANE  
PLANT - WOMEN - AS WELL AS  
MEN - ARE WORKING TO FILL  
GOVERNMENT ORDERS



PAT - I CAN'T STAND THE SPEED ANY LONGER -  
IT'S INHUMAN TO EXPECT US TO KEEP UP  
THIS PACE. I KNOW THESE ARE DEFENSE  
ORDERS AND I WANT TO DO MY SHARE  
BUT I - I JUST C....





**PAT GOES TO THE OFFICE OF THE FOREMAN -**

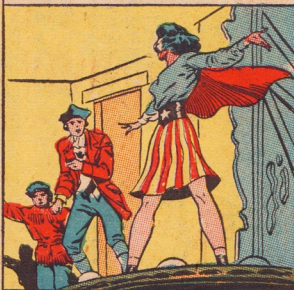
SURELY YOU CAN SEE THAT THIS PACE WE ARE FORCED TO WORK AT IS BEYOND ENDURANCE - I'M NOT SPEAKING FOR MYSELF ALONE BUT FOR ALL THE WORKERS!



LISTEN - MISS WE HAVE OUR ORDERS - THEY'VE GOT TO BE FILLED - FACTORIES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY HAVE JUST AS MUCH WORK AND THEY AIN'T KICKIN' - SO IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE - GET OUT - SEE?



UNDAUNTED BY THE LOSS OF HER JOB - PAT APPEARS IN AN AMATEUR PLAY THAT EVENING JUST AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED -



ON THE WAY HOME - THE PAIR IS PASSING BY THE FACTORY -

ALL RIGHT - YOU TWO - IN HERE - BE QUIET AND YA WON'T GET HURT - SEE?



AFTER THE PLAY - PAT IS MET AT THE STAGE DOOR BY HER BOYFRIEND, MIKE BROWN -

GEE - PAT YOU WERE SWELL!

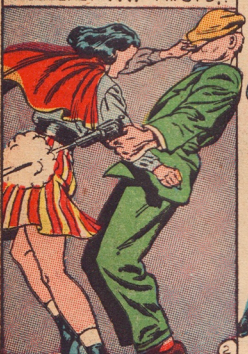
THANKS - MIKE. WHAT SAY - ARE YOU SEEING ME HOME?



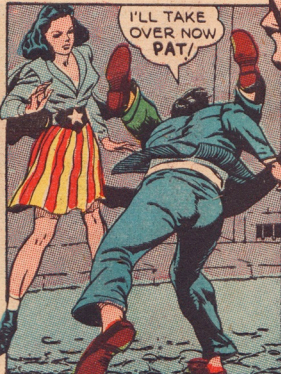
YOU BEEN SNOOPIN' 'ROUND TH' FACTORY TOO MUCH, SEE - SO WE'RE GONNA MAKE SURE YOU MIND YER OWN BUSINESS FROM NOW ON - SEE?



SUDDENLY PAT PIVOTS,!



I'LL TAKE OVER NOW PAT!



BOY - LOOK AT HIM SCAMPER!





LATER

GOODNIGHT - PAT - BETTER NOT GO BACK TO THE FACTORY - WE MIGHT NOT BE SO LUCKY NEXT TIME -

ALL RIGHT - MIKE!

DISOBEYING MIKE'S ORDERS --  
**PAT RETURNS TO THE PLANT -**

THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER GOING ON HERE AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS -

THE NIGHT SHIFT IS WORKING NOW - MAYBE I CAN SNEAK IN UNSEEN AT THE SHIPPING PLATFORM -

AT THE LOADING PLATFORM ALL IS DARK - YET PAT CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF CRATES BEING LOADED ONTO A SOUTH AMERICAN SHIP -

ONE OF THE MEN CHANCES TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE -

WHY IT'S OUR FOREMAN - I'M BEGINNING TO SMELL A RAT!

SWINGING SILENTLY ABOARD THE SHIP - PAT FINDS THE CRATES LABELED --

COTTON GOODS  
HMM? MOTORS!

BEFORE PAT CAN LEAVE - THE SHIP SILENTLY CASTS OFF --

OH - OH - I'M IN FOR IT NOW!

THE SHIP IS OUT IN THE OPEN WATER WHEN ----

HEY - CAP'N - LOOK WHAT I FOUND SNOOPIN' IN YER CABIN - LITTLE MISS AMERICA!

OUCH! YOU'RE HURT - ING MY ARM

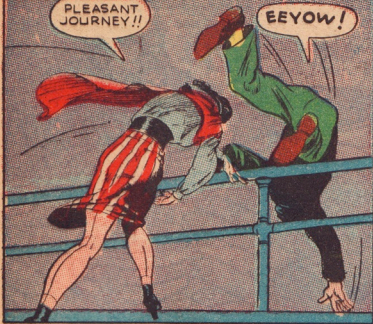
OKAY BOYS - OVERBOARD WITH HER -



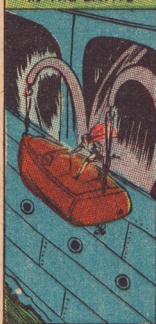
PAT PROVES TO BE NO EASY PREY FOR THE SEAMEN - SUDDENLY LUNGING FORWARD SHE SENDS THEM HURLING OVERBOARD -

PLEASANT JOURNEY!!

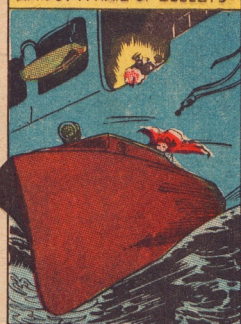
EYOW!



PAT DIVES INTO A POWER LAUNCH HANGING IN THE DAVITS -



WITH MOTOR GOING BEFORE SHE HITS THE WATER - PAT RACES AWAY FROM THE SHIP AMIDST A HAIL OF BULLETS -



A FEW MINUTES LATER -

THAT WAS CLOSE-- NOW TO FIND A PLACE TO DOCK THIS BOAT!



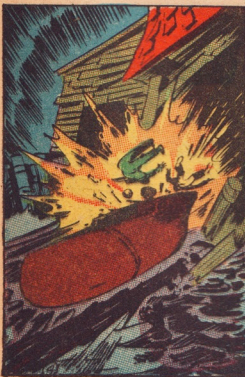
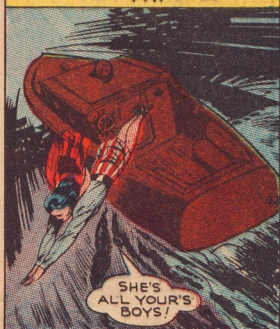
NEARING A PIER - SHE IS MET BY A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE -

OH! OH! THEY MUST HAVE RADIOED FROM THE SHIP!



OPENING WIDE THE THROTTLE AND STEERING DIRECTLY AT THE PIER - PAT DIVES - - -

SHE'S ALL YOURS BOYS!



THE NOISE OF GUNFIRE BRINGS OUT THE HARBOR POLICE - - -



QUICK! THAT FREIGHTER OUT THERE - WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT - IT'S CARRYING AIRPLANE MOTORS TO THE AXIS POWERS!

OKAY, MISS - WE'LL RADIO THE COAST GUARD CUTTER -





THE FREIGHTER IS SOON OVERTAKEN BY THE  
COAST GUARD CUTTER

HEAVE TO -  
YOU'RE  
UNDER ARREST!



LATER - IN THE STATION OF THE HARBOR  
POLICE.....

EVIDENTLY OUR FOREMAN  
IS ONE OF THEM AS HE HAS  
CONTROL OF THE SHIPPING  
AND PRODUCTION DEPTS.-  
WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM-  
AND I KNOW WHERE  
HE IS!



THE FACTORY IS SOON  
SURROUNDED BY THE CITY  
POLICE - THE WATERFRONT  
IS GUARDED BY THE  
HARBOR PATROL -

BE QUIET NOW!  
IF WE SNEAK IN  
THIS DOOR WE  
SHOULD BE ABLE TO  
CATCH THEM-

ALL RIGHT! UP WITH  
YOUR HANDS!  
YOU'RE ALL  
UNDER  
ARREST!



WHERE'S  
THE  
FOREMAN?



THERE  
HE  
GOES!



YOU WON'T  
GET ME  
COPPERS!

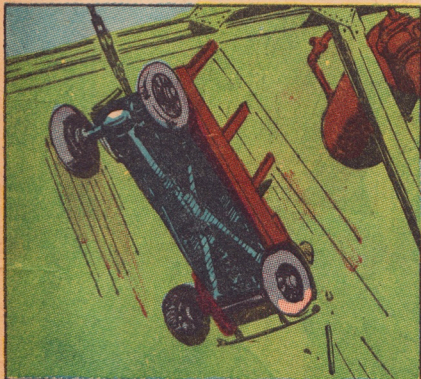
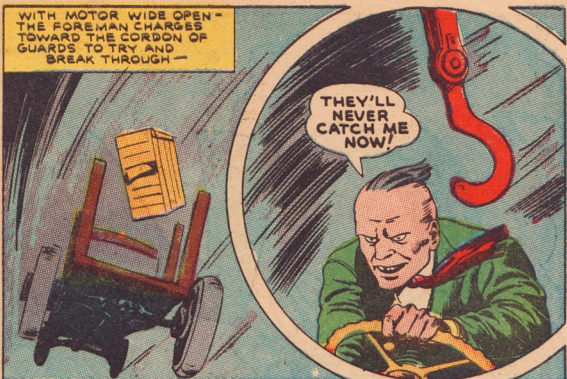






PAT SWIFTLY RUNS TO A TRAVELING CRANE -

WITH MOTOR WIDE OPEN - THE FOREMAN CHARGES TOWARD THE CORDON OF GUARDS TO TRY AND BREAK THROUGH -





"WORLD'S  
WORST  
VILLIAN"

The

# LAW

"HIGH LORD OF EVIL"

FROM EVERY CORNER OF  
THE EARTH HAVE COME  
WIERD TALES OF A  
MONSTER —

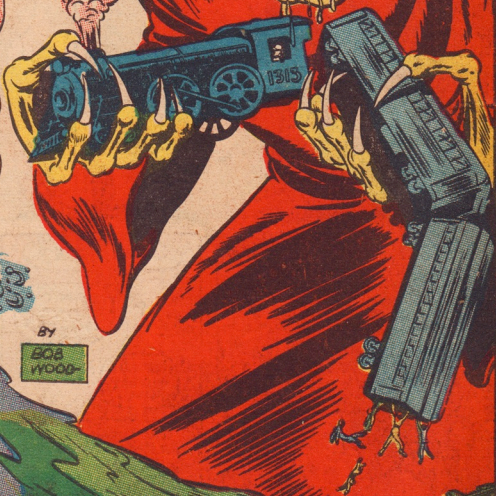
A TERRIFYING GIANT-  
THAT TRAMPLES HUMAN  
RIGHTS AND BRINGS VIOLENT  
DEATH TO THOSE WHO DEFY  
HIM — SOME SAY HIS BLOOD

**RUNS BLACK —**  
OTHERS INSIST THAT TO EVEN  
TOUCH HIM MEANS

**INSTANT DEATH —**  
WHERE EVER HE GOES —  
HE LEAVES A CRIMSON TRAIL  
OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN  
HIS WAKE —

THAT MONSTROSITY  
OF EXISTENCE —  
SAID TO BE  
HALF MAN — HALF ANIMAL —  
IS FEARED BY ALL WHO KNOW  
OF HIM —

**THE CLAW —**  
DWELLING IN THE WILDS OF  
TIBET — THIS MOST RUTHLESS  
AND CUNNING OF ALL CRIMINALS  
IS EVEN NOW PLOTTING IN HIS  
SINISTER MIND A SERIES OF  
GIGANTIC — UNCANNY SCHEMES



BY

BOB  
WOOD

WITH WHICH HE IS TO BURST  
FORTH WITH THE POWER AND  
INTENSITY OF A VOLCANIC  
ERUPTION —

IN AN EFFORT TO  
GAIN THE HEIGHT  
OF HIS DESIRES —  
HIS ONE  
LIFE'S AMBITION —  
THE CONQUEST OF  
OUR NATION —



BUT **FIRST-**  
OUR STORY  
OPENS IN  
NEW YORK CITY-  
IN THE HEART OF  
OUR  
METROPOLIS-  
PRETTY  
**JEAN ROGERS**  
IS LEAVING  
HER OFFICE  
AFTER A  
HARD DAY'S WORK-

GOSH-BEA-  
AM I GLAD  
THIS DAY IS  
OVER-I THOUGHT  
HE'D NEVER FINISH  
WITH THAT  
DICTATION--

ME TOO-JEAN-  
WELL THERE'S  
MY BUS-GOTTA  
RUN NOW-  
SEE YOU  
TOMORROW-

**EXTRA!!**  
**EXTRA! READ**  
**ALL ABOUT IT!**  
HERE Y'ARE LADY-  
**EXTRA! EXTRA!**

**OH!!!**  
**HORRIBLE!**  
**DICK- MY**  
**BROTHER!**  
HE  
WAS  
ON  
THAT  
TRAIN!

**3<sup>rd</sup> DAILY STAR**  
**TWO THOUSAND**  
**SOLDIERS MISSING**  
**ENTIRE TRAINLOAD**  
**OF MEN ENROUTE**  
**FOR ARMY**  
**MANEUVERS**  
**VANISHES!**

PLEASE, MOTHER-  
DON'T BE UPSET--  
IT'S ONLY BEEN TWO  
DAYS NOW- I DON'T  
THINK DICK IS IN  
ANY DANGER!!

I KNOW-JEAN-  
BUT I JUST CAN'T  
HELP WORRYING-  
NOTHING LIKE THIS  
HAS EVER  
HAPPENED  
BEFORE!

THE WHOLE THING  
SOUNDS PHONY TO  
ME-MOM- BEING  
AN ENGINEER MY-  
SELF-I CAN'T SEE  
HOW A TRAIN COULD  
JUST DISAPPEAR  
LIKE THAT--

IT IS NOW A  
WEEK AND NO WORD  
OF THE MISSING MEN-  
LETTERS BY THE SCORE  
ARE BEING RECEIVED DAILY  
IN WASHINGTON FROM FRANTIC  
PARENTS- PLEADING FOR THE  
GOVERNMENT TO DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT THE DRASTIC SITUATION

FROM  
THE  
**MR. PRESIDENT**  
**URGENT**

ANOTHER  
WEEK PASSES-  
THEN ANOTHER-  
THE ENTIRE NATION  
IS IN A STATE OF  
FEVERISH TURMOIL  
OVER THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
UNBELIEVABLE  
INCIDENT-  
MANY EVEN GO  
SO FAR AS  
TO ACCUSE THE  
GOVERNMENT  
ITSELF OF BEING  
RESPONSIBLE-  
G-MEN AND  
GOVERNMENT  
OFFICIALS  
ARE  
COMPLETELY  
BEWILDERED-  
UNTIL -  
-ONE DAY IN  
THE CAPITAL-

**MISTER**  
**PRESIDENT!**  
**THE CLAW!**  
**THE CLAW!**

THIS LETTER,  
MISTER  
PRESIDENT-  
IT HAS THE  
**CLAW'S MARK**  
UPON IT-  
SH-SHALL I  
OPEN IT?

YES-  
OPEN  
IT-



THE NOTE

—AS WOULD BE EXPECTED—THE CLAW'S ULTIMATUM IS SPURNED—AND NOW—OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO "SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA"—WHERE WE FIND THE WORLD'S WORST VILLIAN IN A RAGE—

PERHAPS BY THIS TIME YOU'RE GETTING CURIOUS AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE 2000 SOLDIERS—

WELL—THEY ARE MY PRISONERS—MY PRICE FOR THEIR SAFE RETURN—IS COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE COUNTRY'S SUPPLY OF GOLD—IF YOU DO NOT ANNOUNCE PUBLICLY VIA RADIO WITHIN 24 HOURS THAT MY WISH SHALL BE GRANTED—

A HORRIBLE FATE AWAITS EVERY LAST ONE OF THE MEN—

THE CLAW!

MEN!  
ALL HAIL THE CLAW—THE HIGH AND MIGHTY ONE WOULD SEEK AN AUDIENCE!

WITH THESE WORDS A THRONG OF ORIENTAL VOICES SHRIEK OUT WITH GLEE. AS AN ARMY OF FRENZIED ASIATICS RUSHES FORWARD TO DO ITS MASTERS BIDDING—FOR HOW WELL THEY KNOW—THE TIME HAS COME—THE CLAW IS READY TO STRIKE!

CLAW CLAW CLAW CLAW CLAW

SO!

AS I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED—THE STUPIDITY OF THOSE FOOL AMERICANS—NOT TO FEAR THE POWER AND CUNNING OF THE

CLAW!

THEY SHALL REGRET BEING SO STUBBORN AS TO SPURN MY DEMANDS!!!

FOND—

SUMMON MY MEN BEFORE ME!

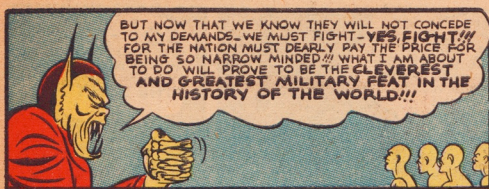
INDEED MASTER—IT SHALL BE DONE!

ONCE INSIDE THE CLAW'S CHAMBERS—SILENCE PREVAILS—FOR THE OCCASION IS A SOLEMN ONE TO ALL PRESENT—

THE MASTER OF EVIL SPEAKS—

THE CLAW'S SHREWDNESS HAS AGAIN PROVEN ITSELF—2000 SOLDIERS KIDNAPPED IN THE MIDST OF A NATION—RIGHT UNDER THEIR VERY NOSES—AND THEY DON'T SUSPECT HOW—

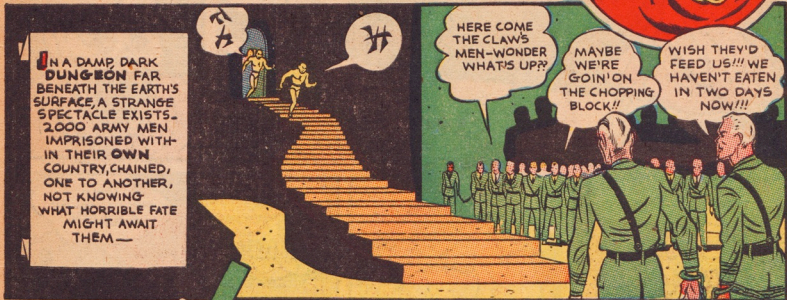




BUT NOW THAT WE KNOW THEY WILL NOT CONCEDE TO MY DEMANDS—WE MUST FIGHT—**YES, FIGHT!!!** FOR THE NATION MUST DEARLY PAY THE PRICE FOR BEING SO NARROW MINDED!!! WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO WILL PROVE TO BE THE **CLEVEREST AND GREATEST MILITARY FEAT IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD!!!**



**GO!**  
BRING THE SOLDIERS TO MY AUDITORIUM—I SHALL BE THERE SHORTLY!!!



**I**N A DAMP DARK DUNGEON FAR BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE, A STRANGE SPECTACLE EXISTS—2,000 ARMY MEN IMPRISONED WITHIN THEIR OWN COUNTRY, CHAINED, ONE TO ANOTHER, NOT KNOWING WHAT HORRIBLE FATE MIGHT AWAIT THEM—

HERE COME THE CLAW'S MEN—WONDER WHAT'S UP??

MAYBE WE'RE GOIN' ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK!!

WISH THEY'D FEED US!!! WE HAVEN'T EATEN IN TWO DAYS NOW!!!

ONCE INSIDE THE VAST ARENA—THE CLAW APPEARS TO ADDRESS THEM—ARMY MEN THOUGH THEY BE, OVER A SCORE FAINT AT THE VERY SIGHT OF THE HIDEOUS MONSTER BEFORE THEIR EYES—

**L**IKE SLAVES THEY ARE HERDED UP THE DREARY STAIRWAY—ENROUTE TO THE CLAW'S AUDITORIUM!!

GREETINGS, PRISONERS—BUT YOU'RE NOT **REALLY** MY PRISONERS—YOU SEE—I AM YOUR FRIEND!! AND YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS ME—SHE IS **GROWING WEAK!**—**WEAK—YES—** SHE NEEDS ME, THE CLAW, AS HER **RULER!!!**

AND TO ERASE ANY POSSIBLE DOUBTS YOU MAY HAVE IN YOUR MINDS AS TO MY SINCERITY—I WILL FIRST OF ALL PUT ON AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUR BENEFIT—AFTER THAT—THERE IS A GRAND SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOU—



WHERE ARE THEY TAKIN' US?

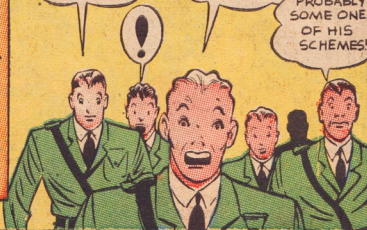
SEARCH ME—I CAN'T FIGURE OUT THAT LINGO!!!

THE SOLDIERS ARE INTOXICATED WITH FEAR—JUST IMAGINE YOURSELF IN SUCH A POSITION—FOR THE CLAW IS **REAL—REAL—**AN UNBELIEVABLE CREATION OF EXISTENCE—AND SO, THE HORROR-STRIKEN MEN AWAIT WHAT IS TO COME—SOME ARE DAZED, OTHERS SKEPTICAL—NEVER-**THELESS—FRENZIED ANXIETY** REIGNS THROUGHOUT—

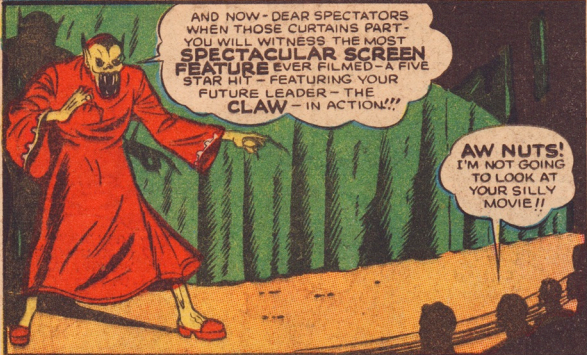
IT—IT CAN'T BE—I MUST BE DREAMING!!!

WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY ENTERTAINMENT??

PROBABLY SOME ONE OF HIS SCHEMES!







AND NOW - DEAR SPECTATORS  
WHEN THOSE CURTAINS PART -  
YOU WILL WITNESS THE MOST  
**SPECTACULAR SCREEN**  
FEATURE EVER FILMED - A FIVE  
STAR HIT - FEATURING YOUR  
FUTURE LEADER - THE  
**CLAW** - IN ACTION!!!

AW NUTS!  
I'M NOT GOING  
TO LOOK AT  
YOUR SILLY  
MOVIE!!

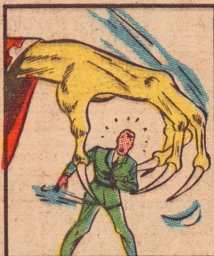


SO! THERE IS  
ONE WHO WOULD  
CHOOSE NOT TO SEE  
MY SHOW!! **UNCHAIN**  
THE WRETCH!!



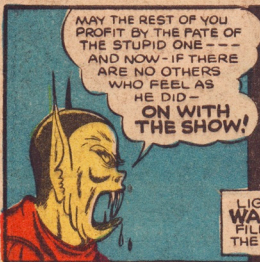
I'LL GET OUTA  
HERE - SOMEHOW!

ONCE FREED FROM HIS  
BONDS, THE SOLDIER MAKES  
A FUTILE RUN FOR IT - BUT -



THE PENALTY  
FOR  
DISOBEYING  
THE **CLAW** -  
**DEATH!**

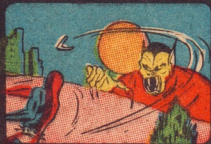
OW -  
HELP!! HELP!!  
**AAAGH**



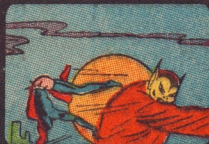
MAY THE REST OF YOU  
PROFIT BY THE FATE OF  
THE STUPID ONE - - -  
AND NOW - IF THERE  
ARE NO OTHERS  
WHO FEEL AS  
HE DID -  
**ON WITH  
THE SHOW!**



LIGHTS DIM - THE CURTAINS PART - AND THE SHOW IS ON - THE **CLAW**  
**WAS** RIGHT - THIS PROBABLY **IS** THE GREATEST SCREEN FEATURE EVER  
FILMED - IN BLAZING TECHNICOLOR - THE SOLDIERS WITNESS FEATS OF  
THE **CLAW** WHICH THEY HAD HEARD ABOUT - BUT WHICH MANY HAD DOUBTED



AND ALL THIS ACCOMPANIED BY  
VOCALIZED DESCRIPTIONS - BY  
THE **CLAW** HIMSELF COMING  
OVER A HUGE MEGAPHONE -  
**FINALLY** - THE HEIGHT OF THE SHOW -  
**CLAW BATTLING DAREDEVIL**



GLOATINGLY THE **CLAW**  
DESCRIBES HOW HE DISPOSED  
OF **DAREDEVIL** - HE THOUGHT  
HE REALLY DID - BUT WE KNOW  
BETTER - SEE JULY ISSUE -  
**- SILVER STREAK COMICS**

THEN SUDDENLY -  
A FURIOUS PINWHEEL  
EFFECT COMES UPON  
THE SCREEN -





FASTER AND  
FASTER IT  
SPINS----  
IT SEEMS  
TO HAVE A  
MAGNETIC  
EFFECT  
UPON  
THE EYES  
OF THE  
SOLDIERS--  
WHAT CAN  
IT BE--  
THEY SEEM  
UNABLE TO  
REMOVE THEIR  
EYES FROM  
THE SCREEN--

GEE--  
WHAT  
IS IT--  
I CAN'T  
STOP  
LOOKING  
AT IT

I FEEL  
STRANGE--  
VERY  
STRANGE!

ME  
TOO--  
I-I  
CAN'T  
HELP  
IT!!

AND SO THE CLAW'S "ENTERTAINMENT" PROVED  
TO BE A TRICK--A TRICK TO HYPNOTIZE THE  
SOLDIERS-- BUT HAS HE BEEN SUCCESSFUL??

IT IS DONE!  
NOW FOR THE  
TEST!!!

FLUSTERED AND DAZED THE SOLDIERS ARE BROUGHT  
BEFORE THE CLAW--THEY SEEM ONLY ABLE TO  
STARE INTO HIS EYES--PRESENTLY A GIGANTIC  
ARM REACHES INTO THE AIR--THE CLAW SPEAKS--

"HEIL CLAW"

IN UNISON--THE 2000 SOLDIERS RAISE THEIR RIGHT  
ARMS AND REPEAT THE WORDS--

HEIL  
CLAW!

HEIL CLAW!  
HEIL CLAW!

HEIL  
CLAW!

HEIL  
CLAW!



SUCCESS  
SUCCESS!!  
I'VE DONE IT!  
THE CLAW HAS  
AGAIN ACHIEVED  
THE UNBELIEVABLE  
--AND NOW TO  
PROCEED  
WITH MY  
PLANS!!!

BUT LET'S LEAVE THE  
CLAW FOR AWHILE  
WITH HIS SINISTER  
SCHEME--AND ONCE  
AGAIN VISIT THE  
HOPKINS' HOME IN  
NEW YORK CITY--  
BILL HOPKINS--  
JEAN'S BROTHER--  
HAS JUST  
HIT UPON  
AN IDEA--

HEY MOM--JEAN  
I THINK I'VE  
GOT  
SOMETHING!!!



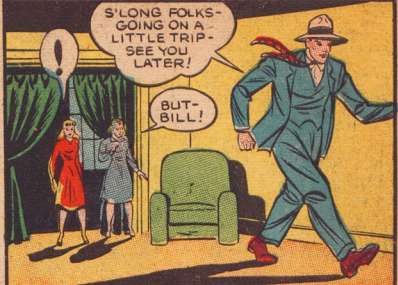
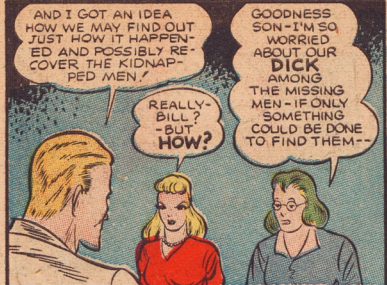
WHAT IS IT--  
YOU ACT  
LIKE YOU'D JUST  
MADE A  
DISCOVERY!

MAYBE I HAVE--NOW GET  
THIS--I'VE BEEN THINKING  
ABOUT THAT MISSING TRAIN--  
HAVING OPERATED TRAINS--  
MYSELF--I GOT TO FIGURING--

--NOW A  
TRAINLOAD OF MEN  
COULDN'T DISAPPEAR  
INTO THIN AIR  
JUST LIKE THAT--  
IT SEEMS  
INCREDIBLE THAT  
THE CLAW COULD  
PULL A STUNT LIKE  
THAT WITHOUT  
LEAVING A  
SINGLE CLUE!







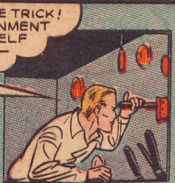
**T**EN MINUTES LATER FINDS BILL HOPKINS ON A PLANE HEADED FOR THE NATION'S CAPITAL-





BUT  
IF ONLY  
130,000,000  
PEOPLE  
OF THE NATION  
KNEW—  
THERE IS BUT  
**ONE**  
MAN ON THAT  
TRAIN—JUST  
ONE MAN—  
THAT MAN IS  
**BILL HOPKINS**

HOPE THIS DOES THE TRICK!  
ONLY A FEW GOVERNMENT  
OFFICIALS AND MYSELF  
KNOW IT'S A GAG—  
OUT OF ALL THAT  
PUBLICITY THE  
CLAW **MUST**  
HAVE GOTTEN  
WORD OF IT!!!



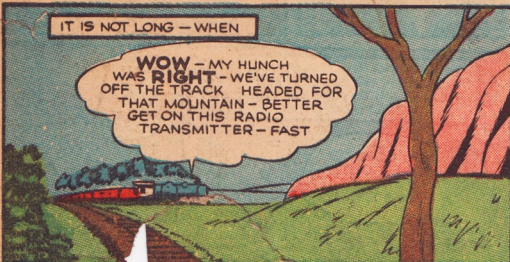
NO. 162

NOTHING'S  
HAPPENED YET—  
MAYBE  
I'M BARKING UP  
THE WRONG  
TREE—

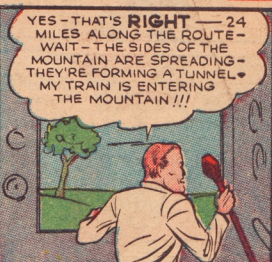


IT IS NOT LONG—WHEN

**WOW**—MY HUNCH  
WAS **RIGHT**—WE'VE TURNED  
OFF THE TRACK—HEADED FOR  
THAT MOUNTAIN—BETTER  
GET ON THIS RADIO  
TRANSMITTER—FAST



YES—THAT'S **RIGHT**—24  
MILES ALONG THE ROUTE—  
WAIT—THE SIDES OF THE  
MOUNTAIN ARE SPREADING—  
THEY'RE FORMING A TUNNEL—  
MY TRAIN IS ENTERING  
THE MOUNTAIN!!!



GOVERNMENT  
OFFICIALS  
ANXIOUSLY  
RECEIVE  
THE  
NEWS

IT **WORKED!**

LISTEN!

I CAN SEE THE  
**CLAW**—HE'S RIGHT  
BEFORE ME—WHAT  
A **MONSTER!**  
GET **MEN** HERE  
QUI—



HOPKINS WAS CUT OFF—  
YOU KNOW THE LOCATION!!!  
24 MILES FROM NEWTON—  
SEND A REGIMENT OF  
MEN THERE **AT ONCE!**



MEANWHILE  
THINGS  
ARE  
HAPPENING  
TO  
BILL  
HOPKINS—

SO—THIS WOULD SEEM  
A STUNT—AN EMPTY  
TRAIN FOLLOWING  
ALL THAT PUBLICITY—  
BUT WHY WERE YOU  
SO STUPID AS TO GIVE  
YOUR LIFE FOR SUCH  
A WORTHLESS CAUSE?



MY BROTHER DICK  
IS AMONG YOUR  
CAPTIVES—THAT  
IS **ONE** REASON  
I'M HERE—



SO—PERHAPS YOU'D  
LIKE TO SEE YOUR  
BROTHER—EH—  
DICK HOPKINS—  
YOU SAY—  
I'LL SEND FOR HIM—



DICK—  
WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER?

**HEIL  
CLAW!**



WHY DICK—DON'T  
YOU RECOGNIZE  
ME? THAT LOOK  
IN YOUR EYE—  
I'VE GOT IT—  
YOU'RE  
**HYPNOTIZED!**



AT THE **CLAW'S** COMMAND—DICK  
HOPKINS LUNGES AT HIS BROTHER—  
WITH MURDER IN HIS EYES—BUT—

SORRY—DICK—HATE  
TO DO THIS—BUT IT'S  
ALL FOR THE BEST!





BILL SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A "BREAK" — AS HE DOES SO — AN UGLY SHADOW CASTS ITSELF ON THE WALL ABOVE HIM —

— IF I CAN ONLY STALL HIM OFF UNTIL THEY GET HERE —

DOUBT IF THIS ROCK WILL STOP HIM — NO HARM IN TRYING

BLAST YOU!

SWINE!  
YOU SHALL DIE A DEATH OF A THOUSAND TORTURES

BETTER THINK FAST — OR ELSE — I'VE GOT IT — THAT "MACHINE PISTOL" THE GOVERNMENT GAVE ME

PEPPERING THE CLAW WITH A FLURRY OF BULLETS — BILL IS ABLE TO HOLD THE MONSTER OFF —

YOU LOVE TO DISH IT OUT — BUT CAN'T TAKE IT — EH?

MAACH

— UNTIL —

OH!  
OH!

BUT AS THE CLAW STARTS FOR HIS PREY — A SUDDEN EXPLOSION INTERRUPTS —

BOOM!

DYNAMITE!  
SOMEONE'S BLASTING THROUGH!

WHAT A BREAK — JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME

MEN!  
MOBILIZE — FAST — WE MUST FIGHT!

THE COMBINED FORCES OF THE CLAW — HIS HYPNOTIZED CAPTIVES PLUS HIS OWN MEN — RUSH FORWARD READY FOR BATTLE —

CLAW!

CLAW!

HEIL CLAW!

WHILE OUTSIDE A DETACHMENT OF ARMY MEN IS ABOUT TO BURST IN UPON THE MASTER OF EVIL —

ONE MORE STICK OF DYNAMITE WILL DO THE TRICK — READY MEN!

HA HA HA — HISTORY IS ABOUT TO BE WRITTEN — AN ARMY FIGHTING AGAINST ITS OWN MEN!!!

THE CLAW CANNOT FAIL!!!

THIS IS AWFUL — WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE — IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY TO BREAK THE CLAW'S HYPNOTIC SPELL!!!

DON'T MISS IT!!!

THE MOST SENSATIONAL STORY EVER TOLD!

IS A HORRIBLE FATE DESTINED FOR OUR NATION AT THE HANDS OF THE CLAW ???

NEXT MONTH — "THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES!"

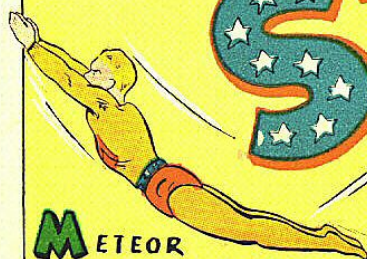






# BEST of them ALL!

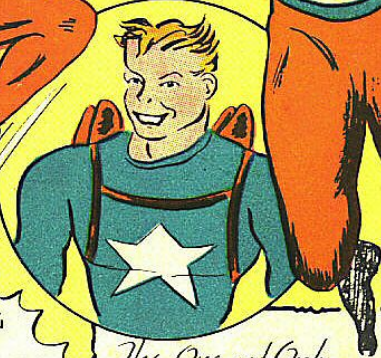
## SILVER STREAK COMICS



**M**ETEOR  
CITY YOUNGSTER  
TURNED  
**STREAK!**



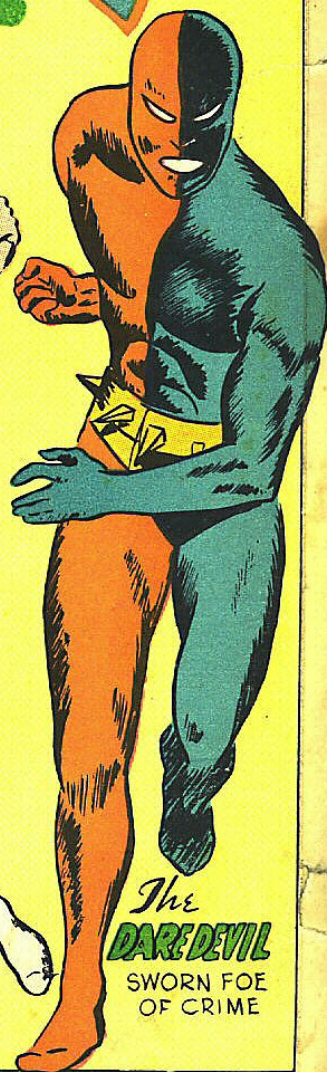
*The Great*  
**SILVER STREAK**



*The One and Only*  
**CAPT. BATTLE**  
AND HIS SKY-SOARING PROTEGE  
**HALE BATTLE!**

THE MOST  
BREATH-TAKING  
FEATURES IN  
COMIC BOOK HISTORY  
**NOW** APPEAR **TOGETHER**  
IN ONE GREAT BOOK!  
**DON'T MISS**  
**SILVER STREAK COMICS**  
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

**NOW AND EVERY MONTH**



*The*  
**DAREDEVIL**  
SWORN FOE  
OF CRIME

# 3 POWERFULL FEATURES!



love golden age comics  
love the public domain  
love to share

a jeff cannell edit

relatives of the artists  
or interested publishers:  
i have unedited 300dpi scans  
of this book that are available  
if you are doing a reprint

find me on Facebook if interested